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## LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

IN speaking last week at the National Conservative Club, Lord SALISBURY naturally enough described his position and that of his colleagues as not a bed of roses. He was able, indeed, to indicate some blossoms among the thorns; and it is especially worthy of notice that, speaking with full knowledge of the circumstances of the Bulgarian outbreak, he was able to describe the state of foreign politics as having decidedly improved. His unfavourable critics—the critics who would have been unfavourable whatever he had said—have, of course, not failed to declare that, if Lord SALISBURY can see this improvement, they cannot; but, as the point happens to be that Lord SALISBURY has his eye to the telescope, and they have not, the objection is not exactly fatal. But, when Lord SALISBURY had spoken somewhat cheering things about foreign politics, he had to come back to home politics, in which things are not exactly cheering. Although the retirement (regretted by the whole nation, with the exception of Mr. PARNELL's Yahoos) of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH is in no sense a defection or a secession, it still weakens the Government, and weakens it in face of a growing difficulty. The state of Ireland has got beyond glossing and blinking, and Lord SALISBURY neither glossed nor blinked it. When it was last as bad, the Government of the day could rely on the loyal assistance of the entire regular Opposition. Now two-thirds of the regular Opposition, at least, are pledged to support the party of disorder, and the country enjoys the singular spectacle, not of merely silly people like Mr. CONYBEARE, not of merely reckless Pucks of politics like Mr. LABOUCHERE, but of men with a reputation to lose like Mr. BRYCE, deliberately announcing that they will strain every nerve to prevent the passing of laws which may punish or hinder murder, outrage, robbery, treason, and rebellion in Ireland. Persons obnoxious to the forces of sedition, says Mr. BRYCE in effect, shall go on being murdered, their daughters and widows shall go on being persecuted, their cattle shall go on being burnt and maimed and tortured; or, if they do not, it shall only be after the whole strength of our party has been used to secure the continuance of these practices and the immunity of those who commit them.

Mr. BRYCE had not spoken when Lord SALISBURY spoke; but the PRIME MINISTER was well aware of the temper of his opponents. He was also well aware both of the dissatisfaction of some of his friends and of the reasons which exist for such dissatisfaction. It would be absurd to deny that he made, as far as advocacy goes, a very forcible defence. The deprecation of the cry for a Grand Vizier's head is a good semi-serious argument, and the plain declaration that juries cannot be got to do their duty in Ireland is a good serious argument. Still better is the protest against the coward "creed by which nations are undone," the belief that something is inevitable and cannot be resisted, the argument (to this day the sole argument brought forward for Home Rule, whether by genuine believers like Mr. MORLEY, or by interested upholders like Mr. GLADSTONE, or by weak-kneed perverts like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN) that "the game of law and order is up," that "it must come," that Mr. PARNELL and his Yahoos are too strong to be resisted. Best of all is the demonstration that law must be master first, that softness must not creep into the national councils, that not liberty but the irreconcilable enemies of liberty have to be coerced and restrained, and that so-called remedial measures will do no good, but much

harm, so long as they are believed to be extorted by agitation and are not prefaced by an unrelenting and unrelaxing enforcement of those simple laws on which all society rests, and which never were questioned by responsible English politicians until political necessities drove Mr. GLADSTONE, and slavish obedience to their leader drove his followers, to make common cause with fraud and murder, with outrage and sedition, as embodied in the Home Rule movement.

Very good, we say, are all these words; but there is something which is better still, something, indeed, without which they themselves are hardly good at all. It is scarcely necessary to say that that something is the immediate, the exact, the unhesitating, translation of the words into deeds. There is even yet, even among those who pointed out long ago how seriously the Conservative party, when it first came into office, was weakening itself and endangering the national welfare by not securing the retention of those weapons against Parnellite crime which even Mr. GLADSTONE had found necessary, no disposition to be hard on the Government. It is true that, no matter by whose fault, they have since their last incoming been insufficiently weaponed against the enemy. It is true that the announced determination of the Gladstonian party, or a large section of it, to throw in its lot with murderers makes the Parliamentary proceedings necessary to check murder arduous and difficult. But allowances have been made most fully for all this; the bills of confidence in the Ministry have been ungrudgingly renewed, and it is time that they should be taken up. For all Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's hardly comprehensible defection—a defection which, whatever comes of it, has finished his career as a statesman in whom any confidence can be reposed, even by those to whom he has deserted—the Unionist party is still quite strong enough to force the Union and the Sixth Commandment down the throats of the anti-Union and pro-Murder minority. Much of the necessary business of the Session has been got through, and the time now being spent over Procedure has a somewhat unpleasant resemblance to the time a man might spend in having his muzzleloader converted into a breechloader while the wolf is actually ravaging his flocks. A wise man in such a case does not wait for a masterpiece from the artists of St. James' Street or Cockspur Street; he takes whatever Brownbess or blunderbuss, whatever cutlass or kitchen poker, is at hand, and sets to work at once. As yet the Government has the balance of strength on its side, and it has all the justice, all the prudence, all the lessons of history. Among the infinite falsehoods with which the Home Rule party try to bolster up their case, there is none falsier than the assertion that repression and "resolute government" have always failed in Ireland. It would be, if not rigorously true, far truer to say that they have always succeeded. MOUNTJOY, STRAFFORD, CROMWELL, the Government which succeeded the Pacification of Limerick, all succeeded, and there was no reason why the state of things which each brought about should not have lasted indefinitely, if weakness and treachery and neglect had not relaxed the pressure. If we were to apply to English crime the measures which we have applied to Irish, if we were to enact criminal laws for limited periods, and then give murderers and suchlike folk a rest for another period, if we were to teach our ruffians that they had only *peccare fortiter*, and then to engage newspapers and to send representatives to Parliament to maintain their views, we could bring about, in far less time than it has taken to make Ireland the pandemonium that it is, an English pandemonium to which Ireland would be a paradise. But we have not come to that yet, though

Heaven knows to what we may come when Mr. LABOUCHERE represents the conscience and Mr. CONYBEARE the brains of Parliament more fully than they do at present. There is in reality nothing to prevent the Government from entering the right path and treading it firmly, except irresolution and fear. If by bad luck they should fail and fall, they will have fallen with honour and failed in a good cause. If, on the contrary, they do not make the attempt, they will fall far more surely and with no honour at all. We shall not be suspected of any inclination to curry favour with the English "working classes." But, whatever the faults of those classes may be, it is a base and impudent libel upon them to pretend that they approve the practices of the Parnellite party. The "YORKSHIRE MEMBER" who wrote to the *Times* of Wednesday speaks valuable truth on this point, and the first debate on a real "Thorough" will bring plenty of confirmation to support him.

#### SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S BACKSLIDING.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S latest change of opinion would have been easier to understand if he had been a self-seeking adventurer. Those of his past and present allies who at an earlier period have arrived at the same conclusions have caused little perplexity to political critics. A judicious regard for their own interest has, rightly or wrongly, been thought to account for their more or less sudden conversion to Home Rule. It is because Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is undoubtedly honest and sincere that his return to the GLADSTONE fold stands urgently in need of explanation. His own apology, founded on the ill success of the present Government in pacifying Ireland, is obviously insufficient. When he retired from Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN can hardly have thought that his convictions depended on the fortunes of a Government with which he professed little sympathy. When the Home Rule Bill was disclosed to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN objected on valid grounds to its principle and to its details. He had then recently retired from the arduous post of Chief Secretary, which he had filled with remarkable ability and with unswerving courage. It appeared from his speeches in and out of Parliament that his main objections were founded on his personal experience. He had official knowledge of the close connexion between the Irish agitators in the House of Commons and the murderous ruffians who execute the decrees of the National League. He also knew that the maintenance of English sovereignty and of what remained of law and order depended mainly on the control of the Executive Government over the Irish Constabulary. It was not less important that the Crown should retain the right of appointing competent and upright judges.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has from his youth upwards reposed a touching confidence in those sections of the community which are rhetorically described as the people. Even in Ireland he would have been willing to entrust largely increased powers to the majority, although it has always abused the functions which it now possesses. He would probably have acquiesced in the institution in Dublin of a statutory Parliament, although it would immediately proceed to repudiate the limitations which might have restrained its independence. It was only because he knew that the employment of material force would be necessary for the protection of life and property that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN dissented from Mr. GLADSTONE'S outrageous proposals. It would have been equally unjustifiable to trust to the dominant faction the entire administration of the police, or to give the subordinate Government a force of its own, while the armed Constabulary received its orders from the representatives of the Crown. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in the first instance, provided by the Land Bill to a certain extent for the protection of the landowners, who would otherwise have been the first victims of Irish cupidity and injustice. The measure, which he recommended as the discharge of an honourable obligation, has apparently since been dropped, because it was found to be unacceptable to many English constituencies. It is not known whether it would have commended itself to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S approval if he had overcome his objections to the whole project of legislation. He would perhaps have been satisfied with verbal securities against oppression if the Home Rule Bill had included provisions to guard against the maladministration of the ordinary law.

Whatever may have been the reasons which determined Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S conduct, he gave sufficient proof that he was thoroughly in earnest. He surrendered his position as one of the chiefs of the Radical party, and he made a heavier sacrifice in risking and, as the result proved, dissolving his connexion with the constituency which he had represented since his first entrance into public life. Few politicians had so frequently and so loudly expressed the complacent feeling which celebrated the reciprocal attachment between himself and the electors of the Border Burghs. Untroubled by doubts of the perpetual expediency of change, the member and his constituents had for many years swum pleasantly down the stream together. They had in common the merit or the luck of being always on the winning side. Their triumph was enhanced by the delays which gave Sir G. TREVELYAN opportunities for increasing his Parliamentary reputation. The agitation against Purchase in the army was certain to prevail in the end, and the equalization of the county and borough franchises was obviously inevitable after the questionable legislation of 1867. From the beginning of Parliaments till lately it had seemed an obvious constitutional doctrine that the town and county members should represent two different interests; but, after the introduction of a few Bills and the delivery of a few speeches, in which Sir G. TREVELYAN took a principal part, the metaphorical argument derived from the men on the other side of the hedge satisfied enthusiasts for uniformity and equality. When the Franchise Bill was at last carried, Sir G. TREVELYAN and his constituents had reason to congratulate themselves on the complete performance of an easy task. The democratic Constitution which now exists is, like the *Novum Organon*, the offspring rather of time than of genius; but the destructive statesmanship which confines itself to the removal of impediments is in revolutionary times as satisfactory to its practitioners as it is easy.

Although Sir G. TREVELYAN'S adhesion to the Unionist cause was heartily welcomed, some observers could not but reflect that no other politician had done more to facilitate the production of ruinous measures by ambitious demagogues. The Parliaments which were held before the introduction of household suffrage would not for a moment have listened to suicidal schemes of disruption. Even in 1885 the outgoing constituencies would have probably returned a Conservative majority. It has hitherto been found necessary to pack the House of Commons as often as it was asked to effect dangerous changes. Sir G. TREVELYAN is not a professional manager of elections; but he is a political fanatic, in so far as he believes in the divine right of popular suffrage. He has evidently not been cured of his heresy by the characteristic conduct of the Border Burghs. In proportion to the habitual coincidence of opinion between the member and the voters was their indignation at the discovery that he was capable of independent action. He had abolished Purchase; he had established household suffrage; but "high-reaching BUCKINGHAM" excited the suspicion of his tyrant master as soon as he "grew circumspect." The Border Burghs spun round after Mr. GLADSTONE as rapidly as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN; and they resented the obstinacy of their member in holding the opinions which had some weeks before been supported by him, by themselves, and by the leaders of his party. Accordingly he was opposed and defeated at the election of 1886, Mr. GLADSTONE contributing, after his fashion, by a post-card to the rejection of his former friend and recent colleague. It is not yet absolutely certain whether his recent proceedings have earned forgiveness. His recantation, though it seems to be complete in substance, is perhaps not yet sufficiently explicit. He might, indeed, allege that it is difficult to announce renewed allegiance to a leader who has not yet declared his intentions. No one, except perhaps one or two confidential friends, knows whether Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to make any compromise with the Radical section of the Unionists. He will undoubtedly receive them as penitents; and perhaps he may make some ostensible concession to satisfy their self-respect. The Irish Parliament might sink into an Irish National Council, and the Ministry which is to be responsible to the local Legislature may be called, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lately suggested, by some less ambitious name. For the purpose of further mystifying friends and enemies, Mr. GLADSTONE, or some one on his behalf, has announced that Mr. PARNELL has not yet been consulted. It is nevertheless possible that his policy may be well known to his English confederate.

Sir G. TREVELYAN represents with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the Radical contingent of the Unionists, and he must con-



sent to any terms which may be accepted on either side by the Conference which has not yet closed its sitting. Paragraphs are from time to time published in newspapers which are supposed to represent Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the effect that difficulties have been overcome, and that a reunion will shortly be effected. Anonymous information on subjects like the Conference more often consists of agreements or overtures than of facts. The same writer who asserts the necessity of future communications with Mr. PARNELL calls special attention to Mr. GLADSTONE's prolonged reticence. It is not impossible that he may direct the diplomatic proceedings of Lord HERSCHELL and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, reserving to himself entire freedom to confirm or disavow the conclusions of his agents. The probabilities of the case are better worth considering than the anonymous communications which are sent to the newspapers. It is scarcely likely that Sir G. TREVELYAN can have contemplated further co-operation with the Liberal-Unionists when he attacked the Government and expressed his feelings of despair at the Devonshire Club. It had long been evident that he was not disposed to act in concert with the Conservatives, though it is on this that the maintenance of the Union depends. Some time ago Sir G. TREVELYAN, with singular rashness, and under the influence of strange political bigotry, gratuitously pledged himself never to enter a Cabinet of which all the members were not genuine Liberals. Mr. GOSCHEN is wiser and much more patriotic. That a statesman who has probably a long career before him should proclaim an undying feud with a large section of his countrymen would be as surprising as it is blamable if it had not become the fashion to regard party triumph as the aim or sole object of political activity. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's short speech at the Liberal Unionist Conversation that he dissents from Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's latest opinions. "The 'Gladstonian Liberals,'" he said, "would find that they 'had made a mistake in throwing up their hats before they 'were out of the wood.' The proverbial phrase is oddly altered, but there is no doubt of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's meaning. He has not abandoned or modified any of the objections which he urged against the Home Rule scheme, and he is not satisfied with the 'disposition on the part of the 'Gladstonian Liberal leader to treat these matters as 'open questions.' It is still barely possible that Sir G. TREVELYAN's language may have been misunderstood.

#### THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

**PUBLIC** characters often complain of the limitless correspondence showered on them by heartless inquirers. Dr. TANNER, M.P., appears to have taken his own measures for diminishing this evil. He has written to Mr. COWLEY LAMBERT—a gentleman who, like himself, is a member of the House of Commons—in a tone which is unusual and uninviting. Mr. COWLEY LAMBERT drew Dr. TANNER's attention to an extract from a Dublin paper. In this journal was printed a statement that Dr. TANNER had telegraphed the following curious medical opinion as to the causes of cataract to his constituents at Macroom. The telegram observed that, "GOD ALMIGHTY was working in 'their favour in having afflicted the Chief Secretary with 'blindness.'"

Mr. COWLEY LAMBERT appears to have thought that this diagnosis was hardly worthy of Dr. TANNER, either as a scientific character, a member of Parliament, or a Christian. He offered Dr. TANNER the opportunity of disavowing the telegram attributed to him, and then Dr. TANNER wrote thus:—"Dr. TANNER begs to acknowledge the receipt of a 'letter signed 'COWLEY LAMBERT,' and, recognizing the fact 'that the communication is merely intended as a studied 'insult, or else as a stupid exhibition of puppyish self-sufficiency, Dr. TANNER declines to answer.' We are thus left in the dark as to Dr. TANNER's views on derangement of the optic nerves, and so forth. But there can be no doubt that the less people have to do in the way of humane intercourse and genial discussion with Dr. TANNER the better. At the same time, if he has no practice in politeness except what he gets in the House of Commons, his style may degenerate and come to lack elegance, urbanity, and finish. But for this it would be unjust in Dr. TANNER to blame the fellow-creatures whom he is so far from encouraging at present.

#### TITHES.

**ONE** of the speakers at a Conference held by a deputation of tithe-payers to Lord SALISBURY was surprised that "the landowners and farmers had not been met in a more 'charitable spirit by the tithe-owners.'" That large section of tithe-owners which consists of the parochial clergy may be excused for not regarding the landowners as proper objects of eleemosynary relief. The ordinary incumbent, who has perhaps a nominal income of 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year, feels genuine sympathy for the squire who until lately has, as he knows, been ten or twenty times as rich as himself. He knows the hardship which has been felt in consequence of the recent reduction of rents, especially as he is himself suffering heavily from the rapid fall in the corn-averages, which regulate the amount of tithe. The clergyman nevertheless fails to understand why his neighbour should be charitably relieved at his own expense. The farmer has still less claim on the benevolence of the tithe-owner, inasmuch as he has already received in account with the landlord the full amount of which he now seeks to retain a large percentage. In many instances the occupier has not even an ostensible interest in the tithe rent-charge, because the landlord has, for reasons of his own, thought fit to undertake the payment himself. Where such a practice has prevailed, the occupier must evidently be left out of consideration; and, even when he is made the channel of the landowner's payment to the tithe-owner, he has no substantial or personal interest in the amount of the rent-charge. Liberal politicians who have lately encouraged the agitation for the reduction of tithes have heretofore constantly objected to the reduction of rates and similar burdens on land because, as they allege, the relief would be afforded to the landowner, and not to the tenant. It is more certain that the abolition or reduction of the tithe rent-charge would be a mere boon to the owner. It is not the business of Parliament to confer direct pecuniary benefits on any class which may suffer from the results of economic changes; and it would be much more unjust to tax a single portion of the community for the purpose than to provide gratuities out of the public funds.

Mr. BEACH, M.P., who was to have introduced the deputation to Lord SALISBURY, objected to a resolution that the tithes ought to be revalued on the basis of a charge of one-tenth or 10 per cent. on the actual value of the land. Mr. BEACH expressed the opinion that 20 per cent. would be a fairer estimate; and he apparently thought that, even if his calculation were adopted, the tithe-payer would derive a benefit from the change. As the deputation nevertheless insisted on the reduction to 10 per cent. of the value, Mr. BEACH refused to take any further part in the proceedings. Lord SALISBURY appears not to have been informed of the preliminary differences of opinion. The allegation that the tithe increased the difficulty of competing with the Indian or American producer is simply absurd. The foreign grower has been able to undersell his English competitor because he can produce wheat more cheaply. It is no business of the American or Canadian farmer to inquire how the proceeds of English industry are divided among those to whom they may belong. It happens that the landowner and the farmer divide between themselves the value of nine-tenths of the gross produce, and that the remaining tenth, while it was paid in kind, belonged to the tithe-owners. The commutation of 1836 considerably reduced the share of the tithe-owner, in consideration both of the public interest in encouraging agricultural enterprise and of the advantage which the clergy might derive from the removal of a cause of dispute and litigation. The substitution of a payment calculated on the prices of different kinds of grain for a fixed sum in money provided for the contingency which has now occurred. The tithe-owner contributes his full share to the loss which the landowner suffers from the depreciation of agricultural produce. It is admitted that in the arrangement of 1836 the tithe-payers were immediate gainers. According to Lord SALISBURY, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who effected the change, thought that the rent-charge would not amount to more than 70 per cent. of the full amount to which the tithe-owner was previously entitled. It is obvious that, if the commutation had not been accomplished, the landowner would, for about fifty years, have borne a heavier burden than that from which some of that class now wish to be relieved. Whether the bargain was from their point of view good or bad, it was equally binding on themselves and their successors. The value of 100*l.* of tithe rent-charge for the present year is 87*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*, and it will

continue to decrease for the next three or four years. It is improbable that it will increase at any future time.

If the tithes had at the date of the commutation been by bargain or otherwise appropriated by the State, the interests of the tithepayers would in no degree have been affected, yet the present agitation would have been hopeless or impossible. No Chancellor of the Exchequer, no Government, would have listened for one moment to a petition of the landowner for a remission of his legal debts on the ground that his income had been diminished through the operation of unavoidable circumstances. It would have been as impossible to establish a claim of relief on the part of the landowners as to have asked Parliament for grants of money in aid of the impoverished clergy. The Ministry, which might have received such an application, would have hardly troubled themselves to enter into a discussion of the question whether the commutation and its terms were final and conclusive. It is only because the clergy have neither wealth nor political power that it is thought possible to mulct them of a large portion of their scanty incomes for the benefit of their richer neighbours. The reasons for selecting them for spoliation were, in unconscious candour, virtually avowed by some of the Welsh farmers when they paid their full tithes to the lay owner, and refused, in defiance of law and justice, to meet the claims of the clergy. It might be that they were influenced by sectarian animosity; but in matters of business a Welshman of the middle classes is never hampered by conscientious scruples, unless they tend to put something into his pocket. The large tithe-owners were respected because they were able and willing to assert their rights, while it was known that the needy and hard-working incumbent might be threatened and plundered with impunity. The members of the deputation from several Southern counties were probably more enlightened than the riotous Welsh malcontents; but they were equally bent on promoting their own interests at the expense of those whom they deemed incapable of resistance. Their proposal of a re-assessment of tithe, on the assumption that it was worth about half its real value, was as audacious as if it had originated in Ireland.

It is not a little surprising that some landlords should be found in alliance with the dissatisfied farmers. It is true that the interest immediately affected is that of the owners rather than of the occupiers; but in the present day the possessors of landed property have a paramount interest in opposing the predatory legislation of which they would be the first, or perhaps the second, victims. Rent is even more vulnerable than tithes, because it depends on contract. The tenants, except in the case of leaseholders, who are comparatively few in number, have no need to ask Parliament for a reduction of rents, inasmuch as they can make their own bargains, and as they have a great advantage in negotiation. Nevertheless, agrarian agitators demand the introduction of judicial rents, with the object of relieving tenants from the consequences of any agreement which might be thought beneficial to the landlord. The ulterior object of placing the amount of rent under the control of an external tribunal is to establish a claim to tenant-right, or, in other words, to the transfer of the freehold from the owner to the occupier. In passing the Irish Land Bill of 1881 Mr. GLADSTONE insisted on the concession of tenant-right as a necessary consequence of judicial rents. The farmers who now clamour against tithe will lose no opportunity of urging on Parliament their right to a joint property in the land. If the tithe-owners have previously been subjected to partial confiscation, an additional precedent will have been established for interference with private rights. No folly is more flagrant than the blunder of those who have anything to lose in tampering with legal rights of ownership in which they happen to have no personal interest. The proposed repeal of the Acts on which railway shareholders have relied when they invested hundreds of millions of capital is recommended by reasons not dissimilar from those which were urged by the Anti-Tithe deputation.

LORD SALISBURY informed the deputation that he had found the subject of tithe more difficult and more unpleasant than he had expected. It may be inferred from his statement that the Government has not decided on the simple solution which was thought convenient some months ago. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL before his resignation stated that there would be a Bill providing for the transfer of liability from the occupier to the owner. No arrangement would be more desirable if the consent of the landlords could be ob-

tained, and if some adequate security were substituted for the power of distress on the goods of the occupier. The second condition would perhaps be satisfied by the simple process of giving the tithe-owner a right of action against the owner of the land. It may be comparatively difficult to obtain the consent of the landlord. It is true that he immediately or ultimately bears the burden; but at present he cannot be sued, though the tenant is entitled to deduct from the rent any sum which he may have paid for tithe. The best settlement, if it were found to be feasible, would be the compulsory redemption of the tithe for a capital sum. The purchase money might be invested under the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. At present even voluntary contracts for the purpose are not practicable, except that a private owner can, if he thinks fit, agree with the tithe-owner for the enfranchisement of his land. Unfortunately the present time seems not to be favourable to an equitable settlement. The commutation must be effected, if at all, on the basis of the real value of the rent-charge, and not according to the capricious estimates of agrarian innovators.

#### A FAILURE OF BY-JUSTICE.

EVERYTHING has its uses, in the belief of optimists, and pessimists cannot deny that the organization calling itself the "Salvation Army" has been the unwilling cause of several decisions testifying to the good sense and general utility of the laws of England. It is, therefore, melancholy to have to record that the detachment of these fanatics which infests the pleasant town of Ryde has succeeded in bringing to light a blot upon our judicial system, in the shape of a decision by Justices MATHEW and CAVE that a certain by-law is unreasonable and contrary to the law of England, which by-law would appear, on the face of it, to casual British subjects, to be perfectly reasonable and particularly salutary as far as it goes.

Here is the by-law:—"Every person who in any street shall sound or play upon any musical or noisy instrument, or shall sing, recite, or preach in any street, without having obtained a licence from the Mayor, and every person who, having obtained such licence, shall fail to observe, or shall act contrary to, its conditions, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding twenty shillings." Some one was convicted under this rule before the borough magistrates of having sung—"hymns," no doubt, of the kind with which most of us are only too familiar—together with other persons, in the street without a licence. Upon a motion to set aside the conviction, the question of reasonableness was raised. The first clauses of the by-law are clearly reasonable enough. It has been decided more than once that a by-law forbidding a person to "sound or play upon" a musical instrument near a dwelling-house after he has been asked to go away is valid. Such by-laws happily exist in most municipal boroughs, and it is a pity that the authorities at Ryde adopted a new departure. It is clear that a street is not the proper place for singing, reciting, or preaching any more than for making a disturbance with a trombone or a big drum; and it does not appear that any serious objection was raised by the counsel for the defendant to this part of the by-law. The line of argument taken seems to have been that the Mayor ought not to have had a discretion to license musicians or the other pests enumerated, and it was on this ground that the by-law was pronounced void. Mr. HORNE PAYNE is reported to have enunciated the dilemma that, "if to sing in the streets was a nuisance, the Mayor's licence could not legalize it, and if it was not a nuisance, the Mayor's licence was not necessary, and to refuse it was arbitrary and illegal." This—saving, perhaps, the two final adjectives—is true, but irrelevant. As to the first branch of the proposition, the by-law does not say that a person committing a nuisance with the Mayor's licence is not to be prosecuted. If it did, so much of it as said so would be indubitably bad. It only provides a punishment for those who sing without the licence. Licence or no licence, it does not purport to deprive anybody of his right to prosecute for a nuisance at common law, with which the rights given by the by-law are not conflicting, but concurrent. The second branch of the dilemma is surely erroneous. The reason why town councils are empowered to make by-laws is that in a town the common law affecting traffic on roads needs to be supplemented. Many things are lawful at common law, and in the absence of statutory prohibitions, which are inconvenient in streets,



and therefore they have been put under municipal control. A policeman regulating traffic at his pleasure on the Great North Road three miles from the nearest village would be committing a wrong; but it is perfectly right that he should do so in Piccadilly. But though Mr. PAYNE argued unsoundly, the judges thought that a by-law which permitted or forbade noises according to the length of the Mayor's ear was bad, and the conviction was set aside. It is not easy to follow the reasoning on which the judgments proceeded. It is true that the by-law enables the Mayor to license too much street music, and it is perhaps conceivable that he might license too little. In the former case the effect would be simply to throw back aggrieved individuals upon their rights at common law. The by-law would then be defective, but that is not the same thing as being unreasonable. The possibility of the licence being too hard to get is so remote, and so many of the inhabitants would hail such a condition of things with so much joy, that it is difficult to suppose that it can have entered into the calculation of the judges.

The result is that for the present anybody may play musical or noisy instruments, or otherwise obstreperously comport himself, in the streets of Ryde, subject only to the danger of an indictment for nuisance. That is a cumbrous expedient, and one that takes time. It is too elaborate a process for the effective suppression of an organ-grinder or "Salvationist," and by-laws are allowed to be made on purpose to supplement it. Therefore the good men of Ryde had better at once proceed to enact a new by-law in the most stringent terms of the validity of which they may be advised. Happily there is no lack of fairly suitable examples which have successfully stood the test of an appeal to the High Court.

#### BULGARIA.

THE prompt suppression of the pronunciamientos at Silistria and Rustchuk was very satisfactory; the equally prompt punishment of the criminals was more satisfactory still. The arguments for and against similar severity in regard to the kidnappers of the Prince last autumn were, no doubt, both weighty; and the Bulgarian authorities could hardly be blamed for choosing that course which united mercy with political moderation, and which was strongly urged on them by counsellors whose advice they might think it well not to slight. But a repetition of clemency would have been an invitation to disorder, and it was far better to tempt the wrath of Russia, which she might possibly not venture to indulge, than to persist in a course of conciliation, which was certain not to conciliate. It is a curious comment on the utter laxity of international law in these days of European Concerts that no international notice is taken, or at all likely to be taken, of the conduct of Russia in this matter. The calm cynicism of those Russian newspapers which announce that the mutinies were "not unexpected" may be met, as other things have been met, by the declaration that the Russian Government is not responsible for newspapers, and does not express its opinions through them. But the immediate claiming of some of the chief movers in the conspiracy as Russian subjects cannot be disposed of in this way, and is perhaps the most impudent avowal by implication that has recently been made by a Great Power. Fortunately, it was successful only in one instance, and the majority of the leaders have received that recompense which was fit. It is chiefly to be regretted that the scoundrel BENDEREFF has once more escaped the punishment which he has twice richly deserved.

The two things noteworthy, and almost equally noteworthy, in the affair are the unscrupulous proceedings which it indicates on the part of Russia, and the complete failure of these proceedings to influence the Bulgarian people. It is thought that in Eastern Roumelia, where M. ZANKOFF's influence is strong, there is a certain amount of civilian disaffection; but in Bulgaria proper the hold of Russia seems to be almost confined to the army, and to a section of that. When it is remembered that the Russians long held the complete control of that army, together with no small influence on civil administration, that the funds available for purposes of corruption are very large and unsparingly employed, and that the whole peninsula is honeycombed with Russian agencies and swarming with persons who either are or hope to be in Russian pay, this failure is very surprising, and shows clearly

enough the hearty detestation with which Russia has come to be regarded in Bulgaria. This result is peculiar and pleasing, all the more so that it is the first occasion for many years in which Russia has come in contact after the same fashion with a European population. Her recent extensions of territory have been almost wholly in the East, where the Circassian style has been carried out without difficulty and without inconvenient publicity, where the people are more or less used to being tyrannized over, and where, though no doubt they would rather have no masters at all, they are comparatively indifferent who those masters are, provided that they do not interfere too much with native barbarism. For these many years Russian influence, until the last decade in Bulgaria, has in the Balkan peninsula been the influence of a self-styled liberator and a generous paymaster, able to do good, but not able to do harm; ready to promise *montes et maria*, but not called upon to perform anything but the payment of bribes. In the last ten years Bulgaria has known the Russians in a very different capacity, and we see what has come of it. They could hardly be more hated if they were Englishmen in India, as Englishmen in India are represented by French journalists and Radical members of Parliament.

At the same time, it would be futile not to confess that the incidents of last week have their disquieting side. The optimist may contend that they are less alarming in that they show a determination by Russia to trust only to underhand means, and not to risk that open occupation which, as has been repeatedly pointed out, is the one great real danger of Bulgaria. On the other hand, few Governments can be certain of continuing to resist the constant and unscrupulous attacks of the ass laden with roubles. Already Russia has gained a certain addition to her "sheepskin" grievances (as Mr. CARLYLE would have said) against Bulgaria by the execution of alleged Russian subjects, and she is accumulating a little more of the very peculiar evidence which goes, in the eyes of Russians and Russian advocates, to show that the Regents are tyrannizing over Bulgaria. It is true that the execution of the criminals may, as has been suggested, put up the tariff of Russian agents. But desperadoes are cheap in the peninsula and in Russia itself, and a judicious compound of Panslavism, ambition, and greed will work wonders on promising conspirators in -eff and in -off. It is, of course, grossly unfair that any State should be subjected to such conduct. But united Europe will not, and any single Power cannot, very well insist upon Russia discontinuing practices which are morally certain, but of which there is not likely to be any strict legal proof. The only thing, therefore, is for the Bulgarians to suffer, to be strong, and to shoot everybody who disturbs the public peace as quickly as possible before he can be claimed as a Russian subject. Roubles are pleasant, but life is, on the whole, pleasanter; and as soon as the odds tell very distinctly that "pronouncing" or filibustering will be rewarded with lead rather than gold there may be even at Cetinje a disinclination to enter a service where such are the wages. The REGENTS may console, and probably have consoled, themselves by remembering that in no case can they supply Russia with a pretext for interference. As soon as she has made up her mind to interfere she will find that pretext, even if the Sobranje passes a law endowing every Russian subject who brawls in Bulgaria with a pension for life.

The interest has, therefore, to some extent shifted back to the question of the probable conduct of Austria. That Russia would interfere by force if she could for a moment be sure that Austria would look on, or that Germany would not back Austria, nobody doubts. Nor is there much doubt that, whether willingly or not, Prince BISMARCK would find himself obliged to interfere if Austria were seriously threatened. But he would pretty certainly not care to interfere if Austria herself showed weakness, and of late there has been much pessimist talk as to weak knees at Vienna. A cynic might indeed say that this complaint is singularly prevalent over Europe just now. England longs to finish with Irish brutality and disaffection, but dares not. Germany longs to cripple France for a generation, but dares not. France longs to recover Alsace-Lorraine, but dares not. Russia longs to annex Bulgaria, but dares not. The immediate question here is rather what Austria dares and does not dare, and on this the authorities differ remarkably. On the whole, it may perhaps be opined that the weakness inherent in the composite nature of the Austrian Empire is somewhat too strongly present to the minds of most critics. No doubt that composition is a source of weakness, and the fact is never to be forgotten in connexion with the

insane proposal to make an Austria of the United Kingdom. But it so happens that on the particular point there is little division in the K.K. realm. Germans and Magyars, agreed on little else, hate Russia. Poles hate her. But few of the Southern Slavs love her much, and as for the Czechs, troublesome as they are, he must be a very odd Bohemian who wants to see Prague turned into another Warsaw. The source of weakness on this point is much more likely to be found in the governors than in the governed; though every Austrian statesman with a head on his shoulders must know that when Russia establishes herself to the south of the Danube the passing-bell may begin to toll for the Austrian monarchy.

#### MR. MAPLESON'S PROGRAMME.

MR. MAPLESON, like M. MAURICE STRAKOSCH, is firmly persuaded of the inexhaustible vitality of Italian opera. He is aware that it is considered dead; but he proposes to see what can be done towards its resurrection by a manager who is content with a good all-round company, a competent orchestra, a well-trained and efficient general staff, and an admirable *répertoire*; and he will open this evening at Covent Garden a season of thirty nights at half the old opera prices. As he has been at considerable pains to make the *personnel* of his theatre complete, and as the cost of his adventure is great, even in the absence of every sort of star, he is judicious and candid enough to ask that the "most liberal patronage" be extended to the undertaking, as otherwise "it cannot possibly pay its expenses." It is greatly to be hoped that his expectations may not be falsified by the event, and that he will have all the success he deserves. In art, whatever may be said to the contrary, the personal interest is inevitably the most profitable of all. Mr. MAPLESON has had no choice but to eliminate it from his scheme, the prices at which it is just now quoted being literally *impayables*. But there is a vast number of people who go to the opera for the opera's sake, and not in worship of any particular singer; and in appealing to these Mr. MAPLESON has done, as it seems to us, the only best thing possible both for himself and for Italian opera.

Mr. MAPLESON's company is, on the whole, a good one—a better, indeed, than might have been expected. New engagements are pending; but at present the principal *prime donne* are Mmes. EMMA NEVADA and MINNIE HAUKE, Mlle. LILIAN NORDICA, and Mlle. HASTREITER, who, having played Orpheus of late in Vienna, will, of course, be cast for the same part in London; the chief *contraltis* are Mmes. BAUERMEISTER and BORCHI. Among the basses is Signor FOLI; the list of baritones includes the names of Signori PADILLA and DEL PUENTE; Signori RUNCIO and RANELLI are two of the tenors. The conductor is Signor VIANESI; the ballet is under the direction of Mme. KATTI LANNER, whose *premières danseuses* are Mmes. DELERA and HATTEN, from the opera-houses of Berlin and Moscow respectively; while the chorus, "composed exclusively of singers specially 'selected in Italy,'" is said to be better than ever. It will be admitted that, if Italian opera is to be revived at all, such a staff will greatly simplify the process of revival. Mr. MAPLESON's *répertoire*, again, is wonderfully varied and interesting. There is no BELLINI at all; and the only DONIZETTI down for performance is *La Favorita*, which seems to show that Mr. MAPLESON has a tenor who can act. Of MEYERBEER there will be given *Les Huguenots* and *L'Africaine*; of VERDI—not *Otello*—but *Aida*, the *Trovatore*, the *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Ernani*; of MOZART, the *Nozze* and *Don Giovanni*; of BOITO, the *Mefistofele*, his *Nerone* being still, unhappily, in limbo; while BIZET, WAGNER, VINCENT WALLACE, AUBER, and M. GOUNOD will be represented by *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *Maritana*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Faust*. With a selection of this sort a manager should go far and fare by no means ill.

The hand, indeed, is an excellent one so far; but the trumps have yet to come. "Among the works in [sic] 'which Mr. MAPLESON more particularly relies' are five in which the musical public can hardly fail to be interested. One is the incomparable *Fidelio*; another the enchanting *Flauto Magico*; while a third is M. GOUNOD's *Mireille*, and a fourth is BIZET's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, Italianized as *Leila*. The two first are too well known to need comment; but it may be remarked of *Mireille* that it is practically new, that it presents some excellent opportunities for the costumier and stage-manager, and that it contains some of the com-

poser's most passionate and pleasing work. Who is to sing the heroine—a part created by Mme. MIOLAN-CARVALHO, who was, it must not be forgotten, the favourite pupil of DUFREZ—has not been told to us. As for *Leila*, which, a failure in Paris, "is being played with the greatest success 'at most of the principal theatres in Italy,'" it will probably be a new triumph for Mme. MINNIE HAUKE, who, as the *Carmen* of the same composer, is only a little less popular than Mme. GALLI-MARIÉ herself.

Of Mr. MAPLESON's last and best card—the *Orfeo* of GLUCK—there is more to say. Produced in Vienna (where it has just been revived) in 1764, and in Paris ten years after, on the heels of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, it has been played at the Académie de Musique close upon three hundred times; while in 1860, BERLIOZ having revised the score and superintended the rehearsals, it was revived for M. CARVALHO at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Mme. VIARDOT-GARCIA as Orphée, Mlle. MARIMON as L'Amour, and Mlle. SAX as Euridice, first realized in Paris by SOPHIE ARNOULD. Its success on the last occasion was prodigious; but there can be no doubt that much of it was due to the great and incomparable artist—a musician, singer, actress of the rarest genius and accomplishment—who took charge, after LEGROS and NOURRIT, of the principal part, and the hope that a new VIARDOT-GARCIA may be found in Mr. MAPLESON's list must be the first impression that the promise of the opera makes on every lover of GLUCK.

It may, we trust, be taken for granted that there will be no tampering with the score. GLUCK is a great master of orchestration as well as of melodic expression; but he had not read the *Traité d'Instrumentation*, and his effects are lacking in the modern quality of noise. BERLIOZ, who took as much pains with M. CARVALHO's revival of *Orphée* as he would have spent upon an opera of his own, was careful to note that a certain amount of its popularity was due to the "modestes dimensions" of the Théâtre Lyrique, in which everything counted—"et les paroles si intimement unies à la musique, et les délicatesses de l'instrumentation." The temptation to fill up for the vast spaces of Covent Garden the composer's blanks, to plaster his neutral tints with lively colours, to strengthen his brass, and heighten his accompaniments, may prove irresistible. If it should, the revival had best be postponed. There is little or nothing to choose between SHAKESPEARE re-written and GLUCK re-scored.

#### AMBUBAIARUM COLLEGIA.

THE death of Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER has been made the subject of some rather nauseous outpourings on this side of the Atlantic. The American newspapers are naturally eulogistic; and there is no doubt that in the exquisite style which he brought very near perfection "deceased" was a champion boss preacher anyway. He honoured this benighted country with three visits, and on the last occasion he threatened the rhetorical supremacy of Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, who is never to be mentioned without the additional statement that he holds forth at the City Temple every Thursday at twelve o'clock precisely. Mr. BEECHER delivered in that classic spot, sacred to the Muses, the Graces, and the Evangelists, a sermon which caused Mr. SPURGEON to pray for him, and which was considered by many people without theological bias to be a particularly stupid and vulgar piece of blasphemy. The intense silliness of the man was perhaps his most remarkable characteristic. He lived seventy-three years in the world without discovering that language, to have any real value, must be connected with thought. It is not worth while, and it would be repulsive, to rake up his pointless jests on the doctrine of the Trinity. There never was a more forcible illustration than Mr. BEECHER of the truth of Lord ROSCOMMON's famous saying that "Want of decency is want of sense." The astounding and perplexing fact is that Mr. BEECHER's inevitable departure from this world should call forth in English journals a chorus of fulsome adulation. There are very few ministers of religion, to whatever denomination they may belong, who are not Mr. BEECHER's superiors in piety, and knowledge, and in taste. It is an offence, for which we apologize, to mention him in the same sentence with Mr. SPURGEON. Mr. BEECHER, no doubt, opposed slavery, as did thousands of better and wiser men than himself. It was scarcely a distinction for a Northerner to be an Abolitionist. Mr. BEECHER was also the brother of a



remarkable woman, a woman of peculiar though narrow genius, who still survives to reflect upon literary triumphs forty years old. But that is a circumstance which hardly accounts for the hysterics of British journalism over the death of a lapsed American Congregationalist. Mr. BEECHER would have been less celebrated, or, at any rate, less notorious, if he had not been accused of undue intimacy with the wife of the gentleman who succeeded him as editor of the *Independent*. The husband brought an action, and the jury could not agree. But the advertisement told, and unhappily had its effect in England as well as in the United States. The accusation was made in 1874, and in 1878 Mr. BEECHER abandoned the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. Perhaps he found that, as a witty countryman of his once said, "our people would never stand it." Perhaps he was influenced by the prejudice which Dr. PUSEY attributed to Lord WESTBURY.

"I grew up," said Mr. BEECHER of himself in his peculiarly sickening way, "I grew up as pure as a woman." There can, of course, be no doubt that he understood his business, and that he greatly delighted by his jokes a large congregation of very rich, very irreligious, and very illiterate people. We should be sorry to think that American humour was a contradiction in terms, like German silver or French leave. But the fact that Mr. BEECHER was reputed a humourist lends itself to that conclusion. An admiring biographer, who is apparently sincere, has recorded two specimens of Mr. BEECHER's "humour." The first relates to a distinguished man, now no more, of whom various opinions were held in his lifetime, but whom his bitterest opponents would not desire to class with BEECHER. It runs as follows:—"Bishop COLENSO thinks he has shown there are mistakes in the writings of MOSES. Very likely. And suppose it should be shown that MOSES never wrote them at all, what then? It would be shown, that is all. And suppose they should be taken out of the Bible, what then? They would be taken out, that is all. And how would it be with those that are left? Why, they would be left, that is all." If this is, indeed, American humour, which for our part we decline to believe, we can only say that we should flee for refuge from its devastating influence to the poetical writings of Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, or the historical writings of Mr. BANCROFT. The second specimen, which is too dreary to quote in full, even as a warning, contains this description of a penitent. "So the man cries, and cries, and cries, and feels bad, and feels bad, and feels bad. This is the way he pays for his insurance." Surely the gibberish of a Jamaica negro in a paroxysm of revivalist insanity would be preferable to trash like that. "Many of his sermons," we are told, "read like the finest table-talk of a cultivated lawyer, physician, or merchant who has seen the world." Is it absolutely necessary that Englishmen should take leave of their senses when they write about Americans? Lawyers, physicians, and merchants, indeed! What grocer, or hairdresser, or tallow-chandler who had seen the world from the top of an omnibus, or mingled with the giddy throng of fashion at Rosherville, would tolerate such stuff as we have quoted? It is deplorable that the English press, which is read by cultivated Americans at home and abroad, should not exercise a little more discrimination and restraint. The BARNUM of American religion has a sufficient memorial in a record of the sums which he realized by the auction of his pews.

#### THE ADMIRALTY CONTRACTS.

THE manner in which the contents of the Report of the Royal Commission on the contract system of the Admiralty is being made public by no means tends to public instruction. A dummy is supplied to the House of Commons for form's sake, and minutes of the evidence are printed. Extracts get into the papers, and with them rumours of disputes between the Board and the Commission as to the wording of the Report. Then other newspapers obtain information as to what the Commission is going to recommend and why. The whole amounts to a succession of more or less partisan statements, which must be weighed as carefully as the assertions of hostile witnesses. It is obvious that anybody who goes to work on minutes of evidence with a pair of scissors can arrange his excerpts so as to give a very incorrect idea of the whole. It is also a matter of common experience that information supplied to the press as to the

contents of forthcoming reports is very apt to represent less what it is to be than what somebody would wish it to be. There are few more effectual ways of creating a useful impression than a brief and "authoritative" communication to the press, if only because it will be read and the report will most probably go to join other Blue-books in their own obscure world. It is quite in keeping with the rather fussy character of all this premature publication that a very undue importance seems to be given to purely personal questions. More has been said about the conduct of this or the other member of the Commission than about the evidence it has extorted. The general working of the Admiralty is almost thrust into the background by the alleged unfairness of two members of the Commission, and the great indelicacy of one of them, in worrying Sir NATHANIEL BARNABY about the contracts for the *Renown* and the *Sanspareil*. Whatever the conduct of these gentlemen may have been, it is of much less importance than the general administration of the navy, and hardly needs to be commented on to the exclusion of much else. It may also be pointed out that every argument which tells against the presence of Mr. PEARCE, who is President of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, on the Commission is equally good against the appointment of any business man. If any shipbuilder was to be named at all, he must have had to look into transactions between the Admiralty and his rivals in trade. It may very well be that his zeal would be quickened when he got a chance of picking holes in a contract for which his firm had tendered unsuccessfully. Human nature might be trusted to that extent; but, if this is an evil, it is one which could only be avoided by selecting the members of these Commissions from the Bench of Judges, or at least from among the barristers who form such an important part of the House of Commons.

The evidence collected by the Commission amply confirms the old belief that the Admiralty is, if not slovenly, certainly very roundabout in its method of transacting business, and terribly under the influence of blue tape. It is, at least, doubtful whether any serious case was made out against the department in reference to the *Renown* and the *Sanspareil*; but it is abundantly clear that the whole Admiralty system of contracts is confused, and is one which makes it very difficult to know whether the country has got the best value for its money or not. In the case of these vessels the departments asked for tenders for hull and engines. The horse-power was to be 8,500, but any firm was at liberty to offer improvements on the Government plan, and was promised due consideration. Two Companies only, ARMSTRONG's and the Thames, did offer to better the Government's plan by undertaking to give 10,000 horse-power at the specified weights. Their price was higher, but they agreed to pay a fine of 12*l.* for every horse-power under ten thousand which they might fail to give. These terms were accepted by the Admiralty on the ground that, if the Companies were as good as their word, the country would get ships worth the money; if, on the other hand, they failed, then the fine would bring the price of the ships down below the amount asked for by other firms. It is by no means clear that the calculation is not perfectly sound, but neither is it above suspicion. The Admiralty seems to have been very diffident about its own judgment, and yet unwilling to let the shipbuilders compete freely. It would have been simpler, surely, to ask for plans and select the best, as the Commission is said to recommend. A great deal has come out which is really of more importance, even, than the alleged extravagance in the contracts for the *Renown* and the *Sanspareil*, though it is accompanied by more alleged waste over the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar*. The whole method of purchasing stores is said to be "perfunctory, desultory, and mechanical." Official language must perforce be measured, otherwise the system on which stores are bought and served out might be fairly described by adjectives of greater vigour. From the evidence of Mr. F. H. MILLER, Superintendent of the Victualling and Naval Store Yards at Deptford, it appears "that it is the custom of his department to send out sugar and Jamaica rum to the vessels on the West Indies station, flour to Hong Kong, and rice to India." Whether it is the custom of the Admiralty to ship coals to Newcastle for the use of gunboats stationed to protect the Northern fishermen is not stated, but it may be taken for granted that it is the practice. After this, it is not surprising to hear that subordinates are often employed to purchase stores who know nothing about them, and who very naturally save themselves the trouble of learning by acting on a convenient hard-and-fast rule; or that the same official

examines and uses stores, or that Admiralty specifications are often so incomplete that great sums have to be spent on "extras." All this need surprise nobody who remembers the extraordinary feats of the transport department in Egypt, or the recent history of the cutlass bayonets which were distempered, beaten out, thinned down, and then retempered till they had been manipulated into mere hoop-iron. It is the kind of story which immediately suggests the observation that something ought to be done to supply a remedy. What that something is to be is less easily found. The suggestions of the Commission—thirty-two in number—do not strike us as very hopeful. Contrary to rumour, they do not recommend that there should be a central dépôt for stores, which would of course make the practice of bringing coals from Newcastle and then sending them back more universal than it is. Their cure is, on the contrary, simple and familiar. In the long run what they ask for is the appointment of yet one more permanent official, who is to do wonders. It is the common round. Committees and Commissions always do begin by complaining of the permanent officials, and end by asking for more.

The dismissal of Mr. YOUNG TERRY from Chatham Dockyard on the charge of selling information to foreign Powers is a much more painful thing than the discovery of slovenly business management. His offence is one which dishonours the whole of his branch of the service. The Admiralty has clearly acted on good evidence, and listened to whatever defence Mr. TERRY had to make for himself. Although a Civil servant has not, like a naval or military officer, the chance of defending himself in court, it is rarely that he has any real cause to complain of harshness on the part of his superiors. The offence for which Mr. TERRY has been dismissed is one which every Power more or less tempts the servants of others to commit, though it always denies the charge; but there has always been a confidence in this country that public servants were superior to such temptations. Perhaps it is on this account that the English Government seems to be less able to punish these offences than any other. In war-time, indeed, a Civil servant who supplied information to the enemy might be hanged; but in peace dismissal seems to be the utmost punishment which can be inflicted. It cannot be said to be sufficient. A reckless or worthless clerk who was sufficiently thick-skinned might accept the loss of pay and pension for a due consideration. Since there is no greater terror before such a person, the want ought to be made good. A positive as well as a negative punishment is wanted. Mr. TERRY, who would appear from the tone of his confidences to the press to want no qualification for his work, is probably the only man in England who thinks dismissal a sufficiently severe punishment.

#### THE JERUSALEM BISHOPRIC.

IT is announced that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the other prelates responsible for the appointment of the so-called English Bishop of Jerusalem have determined to fill that which it was hoped might have been an everlasting vacancy; and already his University has been applied to for a complimentary degree to the "Bishop-nominate of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East," a see which, at any rate, cannot be accused of petty dimensions. We are afraid that, with very few exceptions, the best friends of the Church of England will be the least pleased at this announcement. There is no need now to refer to the historical misfortunes which accompanied the founding (chiefly at the suggestion of a man, able, indeed, and in his way pious, but destitute of even an idea of the English Church, and in other ways as arrant an ideologue as ever irritated NAPOLEON) of the similar hybrid which came to end recently by the very sensible determination of the Prussian Government. Quite enough reasons may be found against the appointment without any reference either to the calamities of which the original institution of the bishopric was part cause, or to the extraordinary partnership involved in it. The bishopric has been the subject of a very full and exhaustive correspondence in the *Guardian* during the last few months—a correspondence worth consulting by any one interested in the matter—in which the opponents of the appointment, headed by Canon LIDDON, have, to say the least, had very much the better of

its supporters. Dr. LIDDON is not always as great a logician as he is a rhetorician, but here at least there have been no bean-sacks in his eyes.

It is, however, perhaps desirable to state the case against the appointment more shortly. We have many colonial bishops—some scoffers say too many. But, if any one will go through the long list, he will see that every one falls under one or other of two heads—either the see occupies a British possession or colony, or else it is in a more or less strict sense a missionary bishopric *in partibus infidelium*, labouring, it may be, side by side with other Christian missionaries, but in no sense obtruding on ground previously and formally occupied by another Christian Church. The Bishopric of Jerusalem stands outside of both these categories. Palestine is not a British possession, nor is there any considerable British colony there. Nor is it in any sense *partes infidelium*; for, though the wicked Turk may have long politically dominated there, the Orthodox Eastern Church (from which the Church of England differs on no vital point of faith or practice) holds and has held it uninterruptedly since the time when England did not exist and Britain was a pagan wilderness. Unless, therefore, the bishopric is distinctly intrusive on the domains of this Church, it has no *raison d'être* whatever; and, unluckily, its history and the avowed principles and practice of one of the Societies whose aid the ARCHBISHOP has accepted towards its endowment are distinctly intrusive and aggressive. It is vain for Dr. BENSON to plead that the Patriarch of JERUSALEM has politely expressed his willingness to welcome an Anglican bishop. In the first place, Patriarchs are almost invariably polite, and so comparatively small a matter is not worth disturbing the good understanding which has happily for some time existed between the two Churches. Secondly, an American clergyman in a letter to the *Guardian* has very shrewdly (and as it happens beforehand) upset the argument by suggesting that the Eastern prelates, wisely preferring the least of two evils, think that the Church Missionary Society, tempered and kept in order by a bishop who will possibly be a theologian and a gentleman, is a great deal better than the Church Missionary Society left to itself. But we need not enter into these subtleties. It is sufficient that the appointment subserves no clear purpose, that it is contrary alike to the invariable practice (except in this unlucky instance) of the English Church, to her principle of the independence of every particular and national Church, and to what may be called good Christian manners. If an Anglican bishop of the Levant (the Ponent being already furnished with him of Gibraltar) is wanted, there would be, though still an anomaly, a less anomaly in establishing one at Cyprus or Alexandria, where the obtrusion would at least be excused on what may be called the ecclesiastico-political side by the doctrine "The Church follows the flag." In the case of Jerusalem the appointment is vulnerable on both sides; from the purely religious view it involves something like schism; from the politico-ecclesiastical view it is *ultra vires* and destitute of any justification whatever.

#### THE CURFEW.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Early Closing Bill is at present in the state of suspended animation common to all measures in the House of Commons. If the public show a surprising indifference to the embargo upon the legislative efforts of private members, that is partly because many, if not most, of these schemes are vexatious and meddlesome attempts to interfere with the freedom of a man's life, or his method of conducting his own business. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has got up the details of his subject with some care, and can at any moment turn upon his opponents an apparently formidable stream of tabulated statistics. When Lord MELBOURNE was Prime Minister, SYDNEY SMITH observed that you no longer asked a young Whig whether he was a Commissioner, but into what department of human life it was his function to inquire. So now one assumes that any private member's Bill must be intended to restrict somebody's liberty, and the only question is how many people are to be made the victims of a misplaced philanthropy. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill, if carried into law, and if adequately enforced by a whole army of inspectors, would be obeyed in the West End, where there is a disposition to close early already, but would provoke some-



thing like a rebellion in the East, where people cannot begin to shop until they have done their day's work. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is unconsciously influenced by the habits of the class to which he belongs. Shops in Regent Street may conveniently be closed at eight, or even earlier. Shops in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, cannot, and will not, whatever the law may be. One of the worst effects of legislation, or attempted legislation, like Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's is that it clashes with the beneficent enterprise of voluntary movements and societies. By mutual and friendly agreement, most of the great London tradesmen now put up their shutters at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. They would probably not have done so if members of Parliament had tried to force them. It is well known that the effect of all statutory restrictions on labour, even of the Factory Acts, has been to make the legal maximum the universal rule. If women and children may not be employed more than ten hours a day, they will never be employed less. Factories are comparatively easy to manage, and to control. But if Mr. GOSCHEN were not occupied with more serious business, we should very much like to have from him an estimate of the cost involved in carrying out Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's mischievous proposal. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is not one of those who do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. He is never happy except when trying to make somebody else happy in spite of himself, and he cannot apparently understand that most people want from the law, so long as it protects themselves and their property, merely the service which *DIAGENES* requested of ALEXANDER.

The House of Commons being for the moment engaged in reforming itself, instead of reforming others, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's Bill has been recently debated in the columns of the *Times*. This sort of discussion is far less dangerous, because it leads to no practical result. "The Early Closing Association," says Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, "had consistently opposed legislation, but finding that public opinion was strongly in its favour, they instituted a careful inquiry in some of the poorer districts of London, and found that, of 1,888 shopkeepers, 966 were in favour of the Bill, 832 against, while 131 suspended their judgment." Sir JOHN LUBBOCK does not say, and probably does not know, over what area this peculiar census was taken, or what means were adopted to ensure that it should be complete. It need scarcely be remarked that the 966 supporters of the Bill are at perfect liberty to close their shops whenever they please. What they want is to make other people close early too, and this is really a more stringent form of coercion than any one has yet proposed for Ireland. The Bill would either be a serious annoyance to the public or it would not. If it would, it ought not to be passed. If it would not, the 966 might leave off work at eight without any great loss of custom. Their example would in that case, we feel sure, be speedily followed by the 832 and the 131. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has pointed out some serious deficiencies in Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's case. He admits, what is no doubt the fact, that "most of the large" and middle-class shopkeepers are in favour of the Bill, though if, as Sir JOHN says, out of 2,000 traders in Liverpool, 1,770 desire to be compelled to close early, the Liverpool shopkeepers must be a strangely helpless class. It is ridiculous to suppose that 230 men can really oblige 1,770 to keep open against their will. The small traders and owners of street stalls are the people who would suffer most from Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's Bill, especially in London. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD refers to the sort of business "very often carried on by a man and his wife, the man only returning home from other work between six and seven P.M. They employ no help, and I can conceive it would be nothing but unjust," says Lord CHARLES, in his odd but forcible style, "to insist on such persons closing at the very hour when they commence to work their trade." Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, whose letter is an admirable summary of the practical arguments against the Bill, mentions also the cases of the cabdrivers and others who cannot shop till late in the evening, of the labourers who are the evening customers of the small tradesmen, and of the poor who can buy food cheaply after eight because it will not keep for another twenty-four hours. Lord CHARLES, it may be observed, has hundreds of working-men and shop assistants among his constituents, whereas Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has of course none. If the shop assistants want shorter hours, they should combine, and strike. It is cruel kindness to teach them that Parliament can help them better than they can help themselves.

#### THE CHANGE IN THE IRISH OFFICE.

FROM every civilized quarter of the United Kingdom the retirement of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, under circumstances so peculiarly distressing as those which necessitate the step, has evoked expressions of sympathy. Among politicians of every class save that which we may fairly regard as not yet emerged from its native barbarism, there has been complete unanimity not only in regret for the cause which leads to the Chief Secretary's resignation, but in acknowledgment of his distinguished services. With both of these tributes we gladly associate ourselves, and with not the less readiness in the latter case because there have been important details in the administrative policy of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH in Ireland of which we have been, and are, unable to approve. Details they were, undoubtedly, and not principles; but, unfortunately, they were details of just that kind from which people are too apt to be misled into inferring principles not really implied by them. Such, for instance, was the case with the late Minister's handling of the rent question in Ireland, especially as taken in connexion with the deliverance of his memorable speech at Bristol. We may at once dismiss all the foolish and malicious imputations which have been levelled at the retiring Chief Secretary—malicious on the part of Irish Separatists, foolish on that of English Radicals—with reference to what the Parnellites have been pleased to call the Ministerial Plan of Campaign. There is no reason to doubt that the conception of duty with which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH applied himself to the task of steering Ireland through what might be a troubled winter differed in no material respect whatever from that which would have been formed under the same conditions by his chief or any one of his colleagues, or, it may be said, indeed by anybody fit to govern any civilized country whatever. Every such Minister would start as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH started, from the principle that the obligation of contracts must be strictly enforced, and the processes of law inflexibly executed in Ireland. On the other hand, no such Minister need have deemed it any more than Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH did to be beyond his province, as the guardian of peace and order, to counsel moderation to landlords in the exaction of their rights. And, lastly, as a proviso on this proviso, it would be as clearly recognized by such Minister, as we fully believe it to have been by Sir MICHAEL, that such counselling must on no account pass into coercing—that it was of the first importance not to induce the landlords to suspect that it would, and still less to allow tenants to believe that it did. To say, however, that there must have been agreement between the late Chief Secretary and his colleagues on all these points, and that they would have equally formed a basis of policy for any politician fit to have filled his office, amounts to saying that the principles of his Irish administration were open to no possible exception, and that he erred, where he erred at all, in the details of their application.

It is, perhaps, the late Minister's misfortune, rather than his fault, that the particular detail on which his methods seem to us to have been mistaken should have been of such vital importance as it was. It was, of course, recognizable to every one but a Radical or a Parnellite that it was a stupid calumny to accuse Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH of having threatened to refuse the assistance of the Executive to landlords, as a penalty for their rejection of his advice. None but politicians to whom the sentiment of disrespect for the law is familiar as an internal experience could suppose it possible for an English Conservative Minister so far to overcome the traditions of his whole life as to admit such a course even into his contemplation. The political school which is so ready with its complaints against Executive pretensions to a power of dispensing with the law is composed, such is the irony of the situation, of the very same men who are continually encouraging their fellow-citizens, on one or another so-called ground of conscience, to dispense with obedience to the law. All the silly and slanderous charges, however, whereby it was attempted to associate Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH with the claim to a dispensing power may be swept aside as unworthy of notice. The one question which is worthy of notice is whether he was as careful as he might have been in the choice and direction of his agents, with a view to prevent the calumny in question from deriving any colour from their proceedings. We are certainly not prepared, for our own part, to return an unfavourable answer to this question. We know nothing which would entitle us to say

that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was negligent in the selection and instruction of those by whom he was served. That some of them were themselves guilty of the gravest indiscretion is, however, matter of notoriety. Sir REDVERS BULLER's proceedings were open to exception on more than one occasion; while those of Captain PLUNKETT were, in at least one instance, admitted by his own evidence, calculated to expose any Executive which employed him on his peculiar duties to a risk of most serious compromise. Through subordinate action of this kind, viewed in conjunction with the perhaps slightly too unreserved declarations of his Bristol speech, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's grasp of the reins of Irish government was sensibly, though we do not think it would have been permanently, weakened. And, as soon as these effects passed off, the high spirit and hopeful courage with which the late Chief Secretary confronted his difficulties in Ireland, and the tact and skill with which he dealt with his difficulties in the House of Commons, would have doubtless told on the situation more powerfully than they have ever yet had an opportunity of doing. His loss to the Government is on every ground to be deeply regretted.

The choice of his successor cannot, of course, be said to have been expected; but those whom it has inordinately surprised, are, if Englishmen, persons whose views of public men stop short at what may be called the "descriptive reporter's" limit of vision. The acute, but not remarkably penetrating, eye of this observer has probably succeeded in finding its way about as far into Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR's character and capacities as an administrator as it is accustomed to extend its inquiries into the physical characteristics of less distinguished members. It pauses, that is to say, at Mr. BALFOUR's academical attainments and philosophical tastes, just as it was wont to pause at the waistcoat of one unofficial politician or the necktie of another. Yet it is permissible to think—it may even be wise to assume—that Mr. BALFOUR's academical attainments and philosophical tastes no more constitute Mr. BALFOUR's sum total as a statesman than the necktie or waistcoat aforesaid summed up its owner's whole aspect as a man. No doubt these tastes and attainments form a convenient subject for a sneer on the part of those professedly enlightened politicians whose pretended zeal for high culture never prevents them from suggesting that it unfits their political adversaries, and them alone, for success as practical administrators; but their relevance—or, at any rate, their demonstrable relevance—does not certainly extend much further. It might, indeed, have occurred to critics of the order that Mr. BALFOUR's authorship of *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt* did not prevent his administration of the office of Secretary for Scotland from being approved by the most difficult of all critics, Scotchmen themselves; and that it is just possible, therefore, that it might not be very material to the question of his eligibility as a successor of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. No person who has powers of observation and cares to exercise them can doubt the new CHIEF SECRETARY's intellectual qualifications for his post, or his excellent moral equipment in the matter of nerve and steadiness of resolve. To say that his task will be an arduous one would be to indulge in one of those commonplaces which are just as true or just as false as those who have to essay the task may choose to make them. To grapple with, and to overthrow, the National League in Ireland may become as hopeless an undertaking as Lord SPENCER has described it at Cambridge, if it is approached in Lord SPENCER's present despairing mood. "We suppressed the Land League," says, in effect, Mr. GLADSTONE's Viceroy, "and the National League sprang up in its place. If you suppress the National League, something else will spring up in its place, and so on *ad infinitum*." Or, to put the argument in other words, spasmodic resort to resolute government does not succeed in Ireland; therefore resolute government itself is a failure; or, as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has more tersely put it, "the game of law and order is up," and there is nothing for it but to hand over Ireland to the unchecked domination of that conspiracy the rise and progress of which the *Times* has done such good work in tracing in its excellent series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime." We are quite willing to concede this too to Lord SPENCER, that, if the National League is only suppressed in the same sort of way in which he suppressed the Land League, and if its organizers are allowed to resume operations immediately under a new name, the one act of Executive vigour will have

as transitory an effect as the other. But we hope and believe that that is not the spirit in which the Government and the new CHIEF SECRETARY propose to set about their work.

#### UTOPOLOBAMPO.

MR. EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON signs the pleasing little programme of Topolobampo, which, for reasons that will occur to the moderately learned, we prefer to call Utopolobampo. It is not easy to say whether Mr. EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON and his comrades in the founding of Utopolobampo are grave wags, or mere "promoters" of a fanciful commonwealth. They appear, at least, to believe that men *can* serve GEORGE and Mammon; for while their proposal of a new commonwealth is full of flattering allusions to Mr. HENRY GEORGE, the main chance is by no means neglected. Perhaps it would be more charitable to think that EVACUSTES and his company are humourists, if the questions of poverty and wealth were fitted for humorous treatment. As they are not exactly jokes, we would sin least against charity if we supposed EVACUSTES to be in earnest.

The programme of "the projected American Co-operative Colony and City, Topolobampo," begins by assuming that the truth of Mr. HENRY GEORGE's ideas will soon be universally recognized. These ideas, as briefly stated, are "that private ownership of land, and other things which are in their nature monopolies, is the primary, if not the sole, cause of poverty, crime, and disease." But England, that unlucky country, would have disease, the programme informs us, even if there were no private property in anything. "The numerous ailments springing in England from cold, damp, and sudden changes will be impossible" in Utopolobampo. But are cold, damp, and sudden changes the results of private property in land? Exposure to cold may be the consequences of poverty; but then savages, who are (quite erroneously) presumed to have no private property in land, are exposed to cold. As to "sudden changes" in the temperature, if Mr. HENRY GEORGE really thinks they are caused by private property in land, he should work the notion out more thoroughly. At present it scarcely commands the assent of the mind's judicial faculties.

By way of avoiding sudden changes, private property, crime, drink, disease, celibacy, tobacco, and other luxuries of a corrupt civilization, EVACUSTES, and those about EVACUSTES, propose to start a Company. The Company will provide capital, and "surely, surely," this is doing evil that good may come. Capital and Companies are of the nature of sin, according to the new economy, and as to profits, which the subscribers are promised, they are the Babylonish garment. If EVACUSTES wants to show that you cannot jump off your shadow, or pick yourself up by the waistband, and deposit yourself in a neighbouring parish, then his irony is all very well, though a little blunt and obvious. But if he really has set his heart on founding an ideal commonwealth, if he is "seeking for a City," why does he smirch its fair beginnings with shares and per cents, and wicked worldly talk of profit?

The shareholders in Utopolobampo, in any case, will subscribe capital towards the purchase of a site for a town at the terminus of the "American and Mexican Pacific Railroad." Of course, as EVACUSTES says, the members of the Company ought to be able just to take the land without paying a cent. Then "the principal difficulty in the foundation" of Utopolobampo "would not exist." The Company would not need to issue stock at ten dollars, with power to "buy out stockholders at par, with five per cent. interest"—words which we blush to write, for they are a condoning of usury. The Company would just go and squat on the land. But, we put it to EVACUSTES, would not there be another fundamental difficulty? Would not some other Company equally philanthropic be likely to come and just take a site so valuable? And then would not shooting begin, with the unhappy but usual consequences of bloodshed, death, agony, and ill-feeling? EVACUSTES and Mr. HENRY GEORGE must be assured that this has always been the course of events when people, "as is abstractly right, took possession without payment" of anything they happened to want. It is abstractly right that the New York working-men



should own New York, and they may try to act up to what is abstract. But neither in that process nor afterwards will the peace, good-will, wealth, comfort, and dignity of the human race be conspicuously benefited.

When the Company has paid up its 150,000 dollars, and got possession of Utopolobampo, that eligible site will, as far as what is abstractly right goes, belong just as much to the Toxophilite Club in Regent's Park, or to the Society of Authors, or to the tribe of the Ama Hagger, or to the I Zingari, as to the Company. The Company will have a monopoly of the land; they will use it for the noblest purposes; but Utopolobampo will, abstractly, belong to the Indian tribe who originally held it just as much as to the Company. However, when the Company gets it, then they are going to build a lovely rectangular town, with a railway whistling and screaming down "the main artery," with "no giddy girls in the streets at night," no bachelors, and no "apprehensions on account of rapidly-growing families, for work will be obtainable at good wages for all"; besides, childless people will be taxed to keep the children of those whose quivers are full of them. But how is work to be obtained at good wages for all? Suppose that nobody wants any more nutmegs made of wood, nor clocks that will not figure, which are probably the staple industries of Utopolobampo. What then? If there is no private wealth, *whom are you to rob?* This is the curse of ideal commonwealths. If you do away with private property, why, having no one left to rob, you deprive human nature of its last unailing resource. Say, for example, that you killed every man, woman, and child in Ireland who possessed an acre of ground. The measure is advanced, but not impracticable. Say you make Mr. DILLON and the rest of them into a Central Committee, which allots to every patriot enough land to live comfortably upon. All this is very well; but when each patriot has twelve children, what then? Necessarily they must either emigrate (which is infamously wrong), or starve, or cut each other's throats. In a world of three dimensioned space you cannot erase these alternatives. History, Irish history, legendary Irish history, records several massacres of all landlords. But no permanent good, beyond the fun of it, came from the massacres.

The other arrangements of Utopolobampo are simple and interesting. "No man can possess anything but what he has himself earned, and of this none will be able to rob him." Why not? What he has accumulated by earning is capital, and he ought to be, and must be, robbed of it—a great stimulus to industry. He is not even to be allowed to gamble it away. The currency will not be gold or silver (we should fancy not—cowries more likely), "but probably celluloid tickets," as at baccarat.

The art of Utopolobampo is expected to whip that of Athens in PERICLES' time; of Athens, where notoriously there were no giddy girls, no intoxicating stimulants, no private property in land, and, emphatically, no tobacco. How Utopolobampo is to trade with centres not Utopolobampized, we are not told by EVACUSTES.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S promise that a memorandum of the Navy and Army Estimates should be printed and circulated some days before their actual presentation has been excellently well kept as far, at least, as the War Office is concerned. Mr. E. S. STANHOPE's statement contains exactly the same figures and arguments as would appear in a speech on the Estimates in the House of Commons. It is not the novelty of the information given which makes the value of such a document as this, but the fact that it is produced at a time and in a manner which makes a thorough survey of the military situation of the country more easy than it used to be for members of Parliament. It does not in any way diminish the value of Lord RANDOLPH'S innovation, that a part, and not an insignificant one, of Mr. STANHOPE'S memorandum is devoted to demolishing His Lordship's plea for economy so-called. Following the lead given him some weeks ago by Mr. GOSCHEN, the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR points out that a stoppage of outlay on Colonial or other coast fortifications would not only be a pure waste of the money already spent, but a breach of faith. In many cases works

have been begun which must be finished to be of any use. To stop them now would entail the loss of all the money already spent. In other cases the Colonies have been induced to vote sums of money for fortifications, by explicit promises on the part of the Imperial Government that it would help in the work. To refuse to keep word now would be no better than a fraud. Again, Mr. STANHOPE gives a very shrewd slash to the common and fallacious comparison between the Army Estimates of Mr. CARDWELL'S time (he was then Mr.) and those of to-day. Quoting the Commission on the Defences of the United Kingdom of 1860, he shows that the members proposed to mount 2,500 pieces of artillery on the works they considered necessary. In their estimate the price of a gun is put at 200*l*. "It is scarcely necessary," says Mr. STANHOPE, "to observe that the sum then named, as the average price of the guns required, is now about the cost of a single shot from one of our big guns." Here is an example of the "automatic" increase in the cost of maintaining armies, and one of those items which a Minister, who looks to facts, must needs deal with. Of course, a Minister who only looks to votes can ignore them.

Mr. STANHOPE has the good fortune to be able to devote his attention to the facts without thinking too much of the votes in the electoral sense of the word. Now and then he cannot escape the common lot which compels Ministerial gentlemen to regulate the strength of their truths. On one point he is not free from official casuistry. In giving the total of the Estimates for the year, he is careful to point out that, though more money has been spent, there is really a diminution in the outlay. This feat is performed by deducting expenditure on navy guns and fortifications. As these have always, at least of late years, fallen on the Army Budget, it seems a kind of legerdemain to deduct them from the total. The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY explains in his memorandum of the Navy Estimates with a humorous gravity that the navy has spent less, and so the undoubted increase in the amount of money spent must be attributed to the player who is supposed to pocket the unaccounted-for balance of winnings and losses at the gambling-table. These are the manoeuvres by which every Minister in this country is compelled to make increase of expenditure palatable. On the question of the reduction of the Horse Artillery Mr. STANHOPE is distinctly official. He argues, as usual, that the reduction is really a conversion, and then quotes Lord NAPIER of Magdala as his authority for the assertion that our proportion of Horse or other artillery is exceptionally large. Now this is the kind of quotation which contrives to combine verbal accuracy with what we are constrained to call (in a Pickwickian sense) considerable general falsity. Lord NAPIER may have acknowledged that as our army stands the Horse Artillery is exceptionally strong; but, then, as our army stands it could not tackle the forces of Sweden or march from Gibraltar to Seville. The whole drift of Lord NAPIER'S argument in the House of Lords was to show that our artillery—Horse, Field, and Garrison—was not strong enough for a great war. To pick a single phrase from his speech, and make such a wide application of it, was, saving Mr. STANHOPE'S reverence, worthy of our ESCOBAR. With these exceptions, however, his memorandum compares very favourably with any War Office statement presented for many years past. The mere business details as to the amount of our available force may be left aside for the present. The merit of Mr. STANHOPE'S statement lies in this, that it really does treat the British army as a serious force designed to fight, and not only in trumpery scrimmages with African savages, but in great European struggles, in which the men in the field must be counted by tens of thousands at least and the guns by the hundred. It is really Mr. STANHOPE'S aim to enable this country to put an army of sixty thousand men and one hundred and ninety guns into the field, and to provide a reserve to keep communications open and form the nucleus of a new army in England. This is Mr. E. STANHOPE'S daring dream, and the remarkable thing about it is that he is almost as sane on the subject as if he were not HER MAJESTY'S Secretary of State for War, with the collective wisdom of a nation represented by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. ILLINGWORTH, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, sitting at Westminster to overlook his doings. Thus Mr. STANHOPE points out that economies in the past have frequently been secured by depleting our reserve of stores, and he quietly observes that this does not seem to him to be either good

business or common honesty. This is, and long has been, our opinion, and we discover that it has at last permeated a Cabinet with pleasure and mild surprise. A few years hence some successor of Mr. STANHOPE's—perhaps even he himself in a happy hour—may discover that when you want to strengthen your Field and Garrison Artillery, the best way is not to cripple another branch of the service which happens to be a little too strong for a toy peace establishment, though barely strong enough for a real war. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. STANHOPE sees the need for doing something to remedy the defects in our system of purchasing horses for the army, to which Lord RIBBLESDALE called the attention of the House of Lords at the end of the week. He will not go to the length of promising to pay more for the mounts, which is the one quite effectual remedy, but he will try and do something. It is to take the form (provided the thing can be managed) of buying horses from the Yeomanry. This resource will at least have the effect of encouraging a very unduly neglected part of our "composite forces."

Mr. STANHOPE's references to the Volunteers were, on the whole, encouraging. Whether much will be done by offering a bonus of two shillings on every greatcoat produced at inspection may be doubtful. It is not a great inducement for a corps anxious to complete its equipment. Still, there is to be an increase in the Capitation Grant, and what is still better is, that it is to be given only when a certain degree of efficiency has been gained in rifle practice. Hitherto, the Volunteers have been divided into riflemen who hunted "pots," and riflemen who were satisfied with themselves when they hit a large target at moderate ranges twelve times in sixty tries. A man was "efficient" after firing sixty rounds of ball cartridge, though the vast majority of his shots may have gone into the air or the ground. The standard in future will be a trifle higher, which is so much gained. Before the Volunteers can be made a really useful and trustworthy part of our forces, much must be done for them which it is absurd to ask them to do for themselves. Mr. STANHOPE knows very well, for instance, that in war-time the Government would be compelled to supply them with greatcoats, and at a vastly greater expense than would be needed for the purpose now; and as much might be said for four-fifths of the equipment they would actually need on service. Still, something is gained when the War Office begins to help in supplying needful stores; and it is even more encouraging to find a War Minister who, instead of using the Volunteers as a convenient screen to cover the weakness of the standing army, openly speaks of them as a force in need of a great deal to fit them even to begin to be really efficient.

#### THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.

THERE is abundant promise that the celebration of the Royal Jubilee will be attended by many remarkable proofs of public spirit and enterprise. Already the schemes devised to commemorate the happy event are almost beyond enumeration. Every locality will have its opening day of festivity, its foundation ceremony, to signalize the auspicious occasion by some new public hall or hospital, library or institute; while great popular shows of natural or manufactured products, of industrial or fine arts, will be prominent attractions in several of the principal towns in the kingdom. Though the familiar fêtes are not to be revived at South Kensington, and what was late the popular haunt of all nations is become an unpeopled desert, the approaching summer will be a summer of exhibitions. Chief among these, by reason of the extent and characteristics of its scheme, is the Imperial Jubilee Exhibition to be opened at Liverpool in May. The Executive Council boldly claim for the new Exhibition building a position second only to the Crystal Palace of 1851 in Hyde Park. They do not say it is more beautiful, though they easily demonstrate its superiority in collocation to the ingenious, but not very harmonious, series of courts and alleys that made up the South Kensington exhibitions. No undertaking of the kind can ever be expected to rival the 1851 Exhibition by the interest or popular enthusiasm it may arouse. That ethereal edifice belongs to the youth of such enterprises; it possessed freshness and a certain ideal beauty that are not to be recalled. Its appearance was hailed with something like rapture. It was symbolical of the lofty hopes of a regenerate world,

and, like the poet's conception of intellectual Greece, its foundations were laid "below the tide of war." Every successive exhibition must needs suffer somewhat in popular imagination by the exceptional circumstances that favoured the first great example. Less exalted views, however, and a more practical line of policy, do not necessarily involve less admirable expectations. If we cannot re-create the novelty and bloom of the past, we may profit from its experience. And this, we may fairly assume, is what the Executive Council of the Liverpool Exhibition have set themselves to do. In the first place, they have a spacious and imposing building, which compares favourably in extent and proportions with any recent erection of the kind, and enjoys great advantages in its convenient access to railways and roads. The open-air entertainments of music, illuminated fountains, and arc lights, so popular at South Kensington, are sure to prove not less popular in gardens at Liverpool. Another advantage the new Exhibition possesses was suggested, perhaps, by the moister climate of Liverpool, though the want was occasionally felt at South Kensington. Within the building is a vast transept, crossing the great central avenue, set apart for promenaders, and furnished with a band-stand. This should prove a more welcome arrangement than was offered on a wet day by the depressing atmosphere and echoing vault of the Albert Hall.

The scheme of the Liverpool Exhibition comprises, with certain well-established attractions, some special and novel features of interest in the War Trophies Courts, the Explorations Courts, and in the show of Life-saving and Ambulance Apparatus. These sections should prove of high suggestive and instructive value, if the appeals of the respective Committees meet with the full response they merit. To illustrate afresh the trite Miltonic verse, by combining the conquests of war and industry under the same roof, is one of the special aims of the Executive. The idea of serving an educational and patriotic end by a collection of naval and military insignia, relics, or any articles illustrative of the campaigns of the last fifty years, is as admirable as it is novel. There must be an embarrassing wealth of material suitable for this purpose, and it is to be hoped that owners will hasten to contribute to the War Trophies Courts, of which section Mr. EGMONT HAKE is the commissioner. To a certain extent the Colonial and Indian Courts must necessarily follow the examples of last year's exhibition; but certain modified provisions have been wisely introduced. The shop-and-stall element is to be sternly prohibited. The characteristic products of every British colony are to be epitomized, by which the wearisome iteration that transforms what ought to be extremely interesting collections into a sort of bonded warehouses will be wholly avoided. Closely allied to the Colonial sections is the important project of an Explorations Court, with its triple division of arctic, tropical, and sub tropical illustrations of the world-wide British explorations of HER MAJESTY'S reign. This is emphatically a stimulating idea. Altogether it is evident, from a mere outline sketch, that the Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition is based on a really admirable scheme.

#### THE RULES OF PROCEDURE.

ALTHOUGH there have been fewer signs of concert between the regular and irregular forces of the Opposition during the present week, the progress made with the new Rules of Procedure has been exceedingly slow. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues of the front bench are probably sensible of the superiority of their Irish allies in the tactics of Obstruction, and feel a praiseworthy reluctance to interfere with artists at their work. But whenever it is possible to intervene, with any show of decency, in the work of embarrassing the Government, they never let slip the opportunity. A striking illustration was afforded in the wholly unnecessary prolongation of Tuesday night's debate. It is true that the adjournment which was ultimately forced upon Ministers was the work of the Parnellites alone; but their action was facilitated by the conduct of the Opposition leaders, at an earlier period of the evening, in abetting and joining in the lengthy and entirely superfluous discussion which took place on the question of making the First Rule a standing instead of a Sessional order. The inquiry which Mr. CHILDERS addressed to the leader of the House, with such an edifying show of earnestness, had



been answered long before he put it, and Mr. SMITH was compelled to lodge a mild protest against the right hon. gentleman's inconvenient practice of coming back to the House, and raising questions, every one of which had been already disposed of. As a matter of fact, there was not, and never could have been, any doubt as to the intention of Ministers to make the Rule a standing order, and the Leader of the House, in stipulating as a condition of doing so, that it should be done without debate, was only taking a necessary precaution against furnishing the avowed Obstructionists with a fresh opportunity of dilatory talk. So much time, however, was expended over this, that, after a little more progress had been made with the debate, Mr. DILLWYN was able, without obvious detriment to his very valuable character for "moderation," to suggest that it was time to go to bed, and to move the adjournment of the debate. Against this Mr. SMITH protested; but the Parnellites, of course, encouraged by the intervention of the "highly-respected" member for Swansea, insisted on a division. Defeated by a majority of 136, they then, through the medium of Mr. HEALY, moved the adjournment of the House; and, after a short struggle, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY—it being understood, we believe, that the SPEAKER's condition of health was not favourable at the moment to a protracted sitting—reluctantly gave way. His expostulation with those members who were thus delaying the progress of public business was, of course, received with the usual display of artificial indignation by the English Radical party; but we have no fear that their disclaimer will deceive the public. Mr. SMITH's conduct of the debate has been patience itself, and when he finds himself at last compelled to say that he yields to "the power" of the Obstructive minority, and not to their arguments, and leaves the country to judge between them, there need be little doubt as to what that verdict will be.

LORD HARTINGTON's interposition in the discussion by the succeeding amendment has saved appearances for many of those who were prolonging it in quite a different spirit from that which undoubtedly actuated the member for Rossendale. It showed, therefore, an almost comical ingratitude on the part of Mr. DILLON to complain that the noble lord had not submitted his amendment hours ago. Instead of this, said Mr. DILLON plaintively, "the day had been allowed to pass, and it was only at half-past five [on Wednesday afternoon] that the amendment had been dragged from the noble lord." This *perdidi diem* from an Irish member was next, perhaps, to Mr. O'CONNOR's declaration of preference for "a strong and drastic form of Closure," the most humorous incident in these exceedingly dull debates. Of course Mr. DILLON's lost day might have been saved if Lord HARTINGTON's suggestion had been made earlier; but, if Mr. DILLON could have prevented it, it certainly would not have been; and in any case it is not an admissible criticism of Lord HARTINGTON's delay in producing his amendment—a delay which he would probably account for by the simple but sufficient explanation, that it had not occurred to him before. The amendment itself, indeed, though it would undoubtedly do something to remove the inconvenience against which it is directed, and was therefore wisely accepted by Ministers, does not appear to us to dispose of the difficulty entirely. That difficulty is to prevent, on the one hand, the defeat of the Closure Rule by the multiplication of frivolous amendments, and, on the other hand, to take care that the closure of the debate on a main question shall not take place to the exclusion of any really important and valuable amendment still remaining undebated. The solicitude of the Parnellites on behalf of amendments of the kind may be easily estimated. It is worth just about as much as Mr. DILLON's lamentation over his lost day. Still, there are undoubtedly many members who feel a sincere anxiety lest the Closure Rule should be used, whether intentionally or inadvertently, to shut out proposals of real value from consideration; and it is right, of course, to meet their objections as far as possible. Under the rule as originally proposed there appeared to be no alternative between the adoption of a clause under debate as it stands—thus negating, without discussion, *bonâ fide* amendments—and the extension of the debate on such clause to an indefinite length through the impossibility of applying the Closure to it at all. Lord HARTINGTON proposes to get over this difficulty by introducing words which will render it unnecessary for the House or the Committee to proceed at once to the adoption of the whole clause. He suggests that a motion should be made that certain words of the clause to

be defined in such motion should stand part of the clause, or that, according to the other usual formula, that the clause stand part of or be added to the Bill. This, he argues, will enable the House or the Committee to summarily dispose of part of the clause and, getting rid of any amendments which they might consider obstructive on the part of the clause, to proceed to the substantial amendments which might be proposed to subsequent parts of it.

The Government were unquestionably right in acceding at once to this suggestion, even at the doubtless foreseen cost of provoking a motion to which they ultimately acceded also, for the adjournment of the debate. At the same time it appears to us to effect only a partial settlement of the difficulty. It seems to assume rather too much that the "substantial" and unsubstantial amendments will stand in a particular and particularly convenient order of precedence among themselves; and that the substantial amendment proposed, "in subsequent parts" of the clause, will never be blocked by others of a totally different character. It is not difficult to imagine, it does not even seem extravagant to assume, that a good many cases might arise in which it would be impossible to vote summarily even that only a portion of a clause should stand part of a Bill without thereby excluding a certain number of substantial amendments from consideration, and hence, conversely, that it might still be necessary to delay the adoption even of this portion of the clause, in order to prevent amendments of the kind in question from being excluded. Our own belief is that, after the Rule has been amended to the utmost in the sense suggested by Lord HARTINGTON, there will still remain a considerable margin of uncertainty in its operation, and the House will be compelled to fall back, as Mr. SMITH puts it, "on the responsibility, on the justice, and on the authority of 'the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees.'" Full powers are, as he added, possessed by both of these judicial officers of the House to secure the rights of every member of the House, and full authority to secure the complete discussion of every substantial question. To exclude any such question deliberately would indeed, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER observed, be an express contravention of the provision of the First Rule, since it is clear that to allow a motion of Closure while such a question remained undebated would be "an abuse of the Rules of 'the House.'" The real question, however, is not, of course, whether the Speaker or Chairman will exercise their discretion in this matter fairly; but whether they will do so soundly, or whether, in other words, they will, while careful not to exclude any substantial amendment, discriminate accurately between what are substantial and what are not. We are far from pretending that the task is easy, or that it is one in the execution of which Speakers and Chairmen of Committees will prove themselves infallible. But, as matters stand, and will stand, it is a task which it is simply imperative to impose upon them.

#### PENNY READINGS OF IRISH POETRY AND LITERATURE.

IF the often-quoted saying about the respective importance of the laws and the ballads of a nation be true, popular Irish poetry should now have an especial interest for Englishmen. We therefore set before our readers some specimens of the literature which is served out in penny books for the consumption of Irishmen in England. We make this geographical qualification because the books from which we quote are all published and sold in England, and—perhaps out of deference to Saxon prejudices—do not contain anything as characteristic as the Kerry song of "The Moonlight Attack on Curtin's Home," which was brought to notice in the *Times* last spring. Nevertheless, our collection of poems, comparatively mild and conventional as they are, is not unworthy of the attention of the student. Most of the pieces are from *Denvir's Penny Illustrated Irish Library of History, Poetry, Biography, and Fiction*—a collection which "has been commended in the highest terms by The Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Mr. Parnell, Miss Parnell, Mr. Michael Davitt, and the Irish Press." The numbers before us contain a fair amount of good Irish verse, such as Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon," Moore's "Let Erin remember" and "Tara's Halls," Graves's "Father O'Flynn," and songs by Banim, Lover, and other well-known names. If there be no treason in saying so, we own, political considerations apart, to a certain liking for some of the songs of Thomas Davis, editor of the *Nation* in the "Young Ireland" days, and author of "The Green above the Red" and of "Clara's Dragons," with its chorus:—

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!  
And viva la for Ireland's right!  
Viva la in battle throng,  
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright.

The meaning is not remarkably clear; but the song goes with a swing, to a lively lilting tune, which we have heard sung with good effect in a Saxon drawing-room. The tune is not in Denvir's collection, but will be found in the first number of another series, bearing the taking title of *The Rebel and Patriotic Songs of Ireland*.

The deeds of Clare's Dragoons at Fontenoy belong to somewhat ancient history, and Davis himself is of the past—he died in 1845. We pass on to verses of more recent interest. When Mr. Gladstone suddenly awoke to consciousness of the blackguardism and baseness of the Union, had his perceptions been quickened by the strains of the bard who, under the name of Sliabh Cuilinn, in *Home Rule Ballads* thus sings?—

How did they pass the Union?  
By perjury and fraud;  
By slaves who sold their land for gold  
As Judas sold his God:  
By all the savage acts that yet  
Have followed England's track:  
The pitchcap and the bayonet,  
The gibbet and the rack.  
And thus was passed the Union,  
By Pitt and Castlereagh;  
Could Satan send for such an end  
More worthy tools than they?  
How thrive we by the Union?  
Look round our native land:  
In ruined trade and wealth decayed  
See slavery's surest brand;  
Our glory as a nation gone—  
Our substance drained away—  
A wretched province trampled on,  
Is all we've left to-day.  
Then curse with me the Union,  
That juggle foul and base,  
The baneful root that bore such fruit  
Of ruin and disgrace.

After this, it can cause no surprise that the bard concludes, "We'll

rend the cursed Union,  
And fling it to the wind—  
And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause  
Alone our hearts shall bind!

"Sliabh Cuilinn" clearly implies that until "the cursed Union" Ireland enjoyed "glory as a nation," wealth and trade, and all good things. But when we turn to the *Child's Irish Song Book*, No. 3, compiled by the Southwark Junior Irish Literary Club, we find Mr. T. D. Sullivan—presumably the present M.P.—averring that his country's past history is

Seven hundred years of chains and graves,

in which case the cursed Union can hardly have made things much worse. Not that when they are better he is any the more pleased. To the appropriate air of "Paddies Evermore" he sings:—

You say our land grows rich and strong:  
You say she pines no more—  
That wealth and comfort dwell among  
Her homes from shore to shore.  
Ye masters vile, who rule our isle,  
Your words are partly true;  
But then we say, as well we may,  
No thanks for that to you.  
You kept black ruin while you might  
Upon our stricken land.

This seems to be the Irish way of describing the efforts of England to alleviate the Famine. Another writer, "Slieve Donard," reflects upon a Viceroy who "patronizingly told an assemblage of Irishmen that the true destiny of their country was to be 'the fruitful mother of flocks and herds'—in other words, that their great end and aim in life was to supply beef and mutton for their English masters." Certainly the Irish mind is of a lofty cast. Our more grovelling English intelligence fails to understand why people should object to supply beef and mutton if they get paid for it. Australia and New Zealand are ready to accept it as one at least of their aims and ends. One of the liveliest of our penny books is *Poems for the Irish People*, which bears on its cover the likeness of Mr. Parnell, framed in shamrocks. From this we quote a stanza, by Mr. John Hand, a frequent contributor:—

They've robbed from us by force and fraud  
The fruits of all our toil,  
And still are foremost to applaud  
Who'd clear us from the soil;  
True progeny of lawless horde,  
They'd rack us day and night  
With bailiffs, buckshot, and the sword—  
But, boys, we'll Spread the Light.

From the same poem we learn that the landlord "squanders all by Thames or Rhine," but that "Redemption's bell hath rung at last." No doubt this has some connexion with that "ringing of the chapel bell" of which we have of late heard a good deal. The name of "Zero" in this number makes us ask whether we are in the company of Mr. Stevenson's amiable and philosophical dynamiter; but there is nothing very characteristic of him in this Zero's rather pretty verses, which are of a sentimental-patriotic kind, turning upon the legend of Hugh O'Neill's troopers sleeping their charmed sleep in the hill of Ailench—one of the many forms assumed by a myth of many lands and of many ages. For strong language give us Miss Fanny Parnell's "Hold the Harvest." Laura Matilda once approached this lofty style when she wrote "Blood in every vein is gushing, Vixen vengeance lulls

my heart; See, the Gorgon gang is rushing!"—but she could not keep it up anything like our present poetess:—

The birds of prey are hovering round, the vultures wheel and swoop—  
They come, the coronetted ghouls! with drum-beat and with troop—  
They come to fatten on your flesh, your children's, and your wives;  
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and if you can your lives.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered corpses fed:  
Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly compost spread;  
Their bones have fertilized your fields, their blood has fall'n like rain;  
They died that ye might eat and live—God! have they died in vain?

So Fanny, Mænad-like, sings or shrieks, not unmusically—as the future Carlyle will no doubt put it when he writes the history of the future Irish Revolution. After this, we desire no more of heroic strain; no one can improve upon "coronetted ghouls" and "ghastly compost." Fain would we hear a lighter note; but alas! Irish humour is not what it was. "Square-toed Boots," by Mr. T. D. Sullivan (*Third Book of Irish Poetry*), is meant to be funny—that is all we can say for it; nor is Andrew Commins, LL.D., much happier in his efforts after withering satire. It is sufficiently unpleasant to describe one man as

Type of a class, a bloated mass  
Of festering selfishness,

and another as

A social boil, a living lie,  
A hectoring hocus pocus;

but the mere calling up of unpleasant images is not enough to make satire. And what is "a hectoring hocus pocus"? The "trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily," is nothing to it. This ballad resembles that of the White Knight in that "it's long," though the lines we have given will hardly induce any one to complete the quotation by adding, "but it's very, very beautiful." It narrates, first, on the authority of "Professor Tyndal" (in reality John Warre Tyndale), the story of the Sardinian vassal offering his bayonet as a seat to his feudal lord, who, according to the illustration, was a fine melodramatic-looking gentleman, though the poet unkindly calls him "a bloated mass" &c. By way of contrast, Dr. Commins next tells the tale of an Irish peasant of former days who, more accommodating, volunteered to lie down across a slough that the landlord's agent might pass over dryshod. Now—but this Dr. Commins does not say—the Irish peasant only lies down in the slough of anarchy that professional agitators may walk over him into power. "The Squireen," by the same writer, is in the same choice style:—

He is nought you could wish,  
He's not flesh, he's not fish—  
Quite an unwholesome dish  
Is the nasty Squireen.

The Squireen despises his native land, so he has "Flemish game cocks" and "a Scotch herd for his flocks." This last seems a judicious choice; but why has he "a Welch cook, a French ox"? Why not a Welsh ox and a French cook?

He's wonderful loyal,  
And sticks to the royal.  
His bull is called "Bertie,"  
His lap-dog is "Vic."

Dr. Commins and his Squireen would seem to be about equal in bad taste—except as to the "Vic," where we defend the Squireen. For we have known dogs called "Vic" before now, and we always took it to be short for Vixen, a name as common as Pincher. The view of it as an intended flattery—surely a very awkward one—to royalty reminds us of the man who saw in the popular asseveration of "Honour bright" an evidence of the respect in which Mr. John Bright was held.

"Slieve Donard" tells both in verse and prose of "The Rescue of Kelly and Deasy," at Manchester in 1867, when Police-Sergeant Brett was shot. We must do this writer the justice to say that he acknowledges Brett's bravery in discharge of his duty. But it is rather amusing to read of "the police and mob who now rallied to their assistance." To the Irish mind, it is only those who break the law who are the people; those who uphold it are the mob. That the executed Fenians, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin, should figure under the title of "The Three Martyrs" is only to be expected; and there is nothing unusual in the confusion of thought with which the writer at one moment vaunts them as heroes and martyrs, and at another bewails them as innocents "executed on evidence that had so utterly broken down." He has been ill served by his artist, who has contrived in the rescue scene to give a most villainous and hanged aspect to the revolver-armed patriots in the foreground. The *Catechism of Irish History* has the especial recommendation of Mr. Parnell and Miss Anna Parnell. The tone towards Mr. Gladstone is not exactly all that his admirers could wish; but this may be accounted for by the fact of the Catechism, or at least the copy before us, being only revised down to July 1882. Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct surely entitles him to ask for a re-revision, in which he shall no longer be accused of making "a venomous [sic] speech full of misrepresentations of Mr. Parnell." The Irish catechist goes on to ask, and the Irish N. or M. answers, thus:—

Q. Did Mr. Parnell reply?  
A. Yes, by exposing the falsehoods of the Premier.  
Q. How did Mr. Gladstone answer?  
A. By throwing Mr. Parnell into Kilmainham Prison.

Q. Did the Government then [after the release of the Kilmainham prisoners] abandon coercion?



4. No: the cruelty, blindness, and folly which always characterized British statesmen in dealing with Ireland, still continued, and one form of coercion was relaxed, only to make way for another more stringent: the excuse being certain deeds of violence, which were but the natural fruits of their own misrule, if not, in some cases, actually the work of their own agents.

Among the "deeds of violence" thus lightly touched upon and dismissed with this shameless suggestion, must, we conclude, be reckoned the then recent murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. On this the Catechism is silent.

A *Model Island*, the history of which is told in one of these penny tracts, is not Ireland, which is expressly distinguished as "another island." But it is about the same shape (*vide* the map on the cover), and the author once slips into calling its peasantry "Irish"; so that we imagine the distinction to be kept up in graceful deference to a certain statute against depriving our most Gracious Lady the Queen, Her Heirs or Successors, from the Style, Honour, or Royal Name, &c. For the *Model Island* is "FREE . . . having shaken off the yoke of a larger island when the latter was conquered by another powerful nation"; and so it has a model Government, and becomes "The Insular Republic." There is much about the "fiendish policy" of "the larger island," by which "the unarmed people" were "sometimes goaded into revolt," and at another time scientifically killed off

by famine—hypocritically set down to Providence, though, at the worst of times, there was always sufficient food for the people, if they had been allowed to have it. . . .

But ultimately this fiendish policy brought its own retribution. The larger island being at last engaged in a desperate war with a powerful foe, from all parts of the earth the exiles returned, and, with their help, those who were still left in the island drove out their oppressors.

And thus the Insular Republic was established.

So much for Home Rule as a satisfaction in full of all Irish claims. The children who are brought up upon the *Child's Irish Song Book*, No. 3, know better than that. Listen to the "New Year's Song":—

As long as Erin hears the clink  
Of base ignoble chains—  
As long as one detested link  
Of foreign rule remains—  
As long as of our rightful debt  
One smallest fraction's due,  
So long, my friends, there's something yet  
For Irishmen to do!

#### WHITE BOOKS AND BLACK.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. publish this week the first part, or volume, or whatever it is to be called, of their *Imperial White Books*, a publication which ought to be of very considerable service. Whether, as (with an amiable and orthodox sanguinity) they themselves anticipate, it will help the "political education" of the country may be left undecided. The wiser of us have long outgrown, if we ever possessed, any particular belief in education of any kind, and as for political education, the political redemption of man cometh not of books, whether white, blue, or of any other colour. But what this new venture of Messrs. Cassell's may really do is to make an intelligible and fairly accessible *Histoire Parlementaire* of England, free from the appalling drudgery of hunting through back reports of the daily newspapers. In this convenient publication there are to be found lists of the Parliamentary papers of both Houses, of the Blue-books, of the Bills passed or only brought in, with records of their history, and fair abstracts of the more important of them. There is a careful index and even a supplement of the principal extra-Parliamentary speeches, with extracts of their more striking passages. Altogether the book is one of which perhaps only an experienced reader of newspapers for the purpose of writing in them can fully appreciate the goodness, and of which any such person must speak very well. He may, indeed, reflect that it is odd that, since we have a Stationery Office—which certainly does not cost nothing—and a Gazette, the sole function of which appears to be to provide the sub-editors of daily newspapers with a certain amount of matter whereon to exercise their scissors, the arrangement of such a *catalogue raisonné* of Parliamentary talk and work should have been left to private enterprise. But private enterprise (except when it suits a political leader to go in the teeth of it) is a great god in England; and in this particular instance the god is fairly justified of his worshippers.

Nevertheless, as the meditative person turns over his *White Book*, and notes its excellences (not the least of which is the curious exposure of the absolute futility of much of our Parliamentary government), it cannot but strike him that an *Imperial Black Book*, properly and impartially kept, and issued regularly, would be of even more value. We have for years past made some contributions here towards the keeping of such a Black Book; but it stands to reason that they can be but contributions. It is impossible to make the gibbet a constant feature of a miscellaneous periodical. Still, until a proper *Imperial Black Book* makes its appearance, we have no intention of relinquishing the patriotic task, though it may be necessary to execute it less in the grave and chaste manner, more after the fashion of the lawless humourist, than would be incumbent on a chartered *exécuteur des hautes œuvres* empowered to give his daily dreadful line to evil-doers. Certainly we have no bad subject in the great Schnadhorst testimonial meeting of the present

week. We have not very much to say about the special hero of the occasion. Some cynics may have thought of a certain famous *Latterday Pamphlet* on "Hudson's Statue." But Mr. Schnadhorst is no doubt an excellent man of business, and both in those more distant days when he was a "gentleman's outfitter" and these more recent ones in which he has taken to covering the nakedness of a political party, he was and is no doubt worthy of his hire. Politicians of the higher sort have, indeed, in England been very shy of accepting money testimonials—Cobden having been the only exception to the rule that we can at this moment think of. But Mr. Schnadhorst has no doubt earned his ten thousands as well as Mr. Parnell earned his forty thousands; and, to his credit be it spoken, there is no blood on the money, which is rather more than can be said for the treasure-chests of Avondale. Moreover there is an especial appropriateness in this kind of reward for Mr. Schnadhorst. In the first place, as has been said, his politics are no doubt a pure matter of business, and he fits out a party with Caucuses and chuckers-out and affidavits, and so forth, just as he used to fit out gentlemen with "vests" and "pants" and "suspenders." Moreover, as the *Daily News*—with a naïveté which is quite charming—points out, the whole matter is one of money. Liberal—that is to say, Gladstonian—principles are, no doubt, the best of all principles, and the Caucus admits no force but argument. "But, bless you! it's dear, it's dear." "If London is to be won back to Liberalism, it will need considerable outlay." "The chief difficulty in the metropolis is that the wealthier members of the party are so much less ready to find money." It is money that makes the Gladstonian mare to go, as we have it on this best of all authorities. And, therefore, since Mr. Schnadhorst has been so exceptionally ready in levying what some persons call "the dibs," it is only fair that he should have his share of them. For our parts, we welcome the dropping of the frivolous and hypocritical pretences which political parties too often put forward. "Mais, nous seras-tu bonne chère?" says the eager Gladstonian to the *Daily News*, and the *Daily News*, with a noble frankness, replies—"Oui, si vous me donnez bien de l'argent." That is straightforward and creditable. We gather from it (surely by no illegitimate collection) that this is the method which Mr. Schnadhorst has pursued in the past. Now the proverb about the cook and his fingers is, though shocking to finical persons, a sound one; and so, as we have said, we do not grudge Mr. Schnadhorst his ten thousand pounds or guineas. May he never live to see the strict principles of Radicalism carried out in regard to them!

The remarkably generous and amiable spirit which has animated the last paragraph will, we make no doubt, clear us in every liberal mind from suspicion now that we have to comment with less amiability on some of the remarks made on this occasion—not, of course, by the beneficiary, who is privileged. We cannot afford to tarry over the minor candidates for the Black Book. Mr. George Dixon may be left to settle whether he exhibited that "distinguishing mark of Liberals"—which is "to think for themselves"—when, with great grief and pain, he had to resign a certain seat some years ago which he had been keeping warm for a greater than he. Mr. Mundella may be left to fight out with Mr. Bryce the question whether, as he says, the Liberals never have been or will be practisers of obstruction, or whether, as Mr. Bryce says, the Liberals, before seeing the Government Coercion Bill, have made up their minds to oppose it tooth and nail. But Mr. Dixon and Mr. Mundella must give way to Sir William Harcourt. Sir William Harcourt is in high feather just now. As an amateur of furniture he is the proud possessor, as he told the assembled Schnadhorst-worshippers, of the Round Table round which all angles of Liberalism are to be rounded off. As an entomologist he has just bagged in Sir George Trevelyan a fine specimen of the *Protens Debitigeniculatus*, or "Weak-kneed Weathercock," an insect rarely met with in such perfect condition. As a politician and jokesmith he has secured the assurance of the *Daily News* that he never bores the House of Commons—a point on which it is believed that, not without reason, he himself was beginning to entertain some doubts. It is true that he made an awkward little slip the other day about the Sovereign and the Estates of the Realm—a slip peculiarly odd in him; for how can a mere mortal, not a great god Pan, be a descendant of a whole Estate of the Realm? But that is a small matter, and it evidently did not damp Sir William's spirits on Wednesday night. Indeed, as we anticipated, he made haste to show that he is quite free from the foolish scruples of little Wilhelmine, to whom we compared him (noting the differences) the other day. Sir William, Sir Wilhelmine, does not at all think the state of Ireland "a very wicked thing," and won't hear of any measures being taken to stop it. He is as indifferent as old Kaspar himself, and much more jocular. Still, we must be permitted to express a slight surprise at the argument by which Sir William justified himself. For (which was, indeed, surprising enough of itself) there *was* an attempt at argument. For the most part, Sir William has been content, when interrogated as to his change of opinion as to the merits of Parnellite juice as a culinary medium, to reply, with not less positiveness, though more lucidly, than that irritating little boy of Wordsworth's,

My bread is buttered on that side,  
And that's the reason why.

But now he really gives us an argument. He himself, the *ipsissimus* Harcourt, descendant of the ancient kings that long the British sceptre swayed, tried coercion, and it failed. *Ergo*, it must

fail when any one else tries it, and, *ergo* again, nobody has any business to try it.

So we have at last got little Wilhelmine's exquisite reason for thinking not Irish crime, but its prevention, a very wicked thing, and surely it is most exquisite. Where she and her fellows failed nobody can possibly succeed. It is not the privilege, still less the duty, of the other side to try if they cannot mend Sir William's blunders, and turn his failure into a success. On the contrary, it is his privilege, not to say his duty, having had his own shot and missed, his own innings and failed to score, to do all in his power to prevent anybody else hitting the bullseye, or holding up the wicket. Emerson rather unkindly reproached the colleges of Oxford with their habit of keeping a copy of the Bodleian Catalogue as if it contained all the books in the world, and simply indicating which items were in their own libraries. But surely this was (putting aside the question of convenience, and the fact that, as far as we remember, the offenders interleaved the sacred volumes for addition) a most venial presumption compared with Sir William's:—"I and Mr. Gladstone have tried our hands; the stone must be immovable. I and Mr. Gladstone have tried to punish the offenders; the only thing to do is to grant them pardon forthwith." Oh Wilhelmine! Wilhelmine! Sex to the last in logic as in life!

#### AN INDIAN SPORTSMAN.

THE Maharajah of Bulrampore was one of the best all-round sportsmen it has ever been our good fortune to fall in with. Alas! he has gone to the happy hunting-grounds, or rather to his ideal paradise, which, according to the idea of Mr. Lang's *In the Wrong Paradise*, should be a residence with the patron god of elephants, whom he adored so faithfully. He never missed a morning, before going out to follow one of his numerous sporting pursuits, without going and worshipping his favourite god at the shrine that he had erected, and depositing before it a small gold coin, stamped with an elephant, which coins he purposely had cast for that object. He used to present one also to those of his guests who were good sportsmen, and who appreciated his magnificent stud of elephants.

His territory was not a large one, and at the time of the Mutiny he was only a Rajah; but he earned the gratitude of the Government and the title of Maharajah by his loyal and noble behaviour in not only sheltering, but also in protecting, at great risk to himself, the unfortunate Europeans and loyal natives who had fled from Lucknow. He was a true-hearted gentleman and a first-rate sportsman; no work being too hard and no danger being too great for him in the pursuit of his favourite amusements; and several times he had the misfortune of coming to close quarters with tigers and getting severely handled by them. But he was as plucky as he was hospitable, and that is saying a good deal, as nothing could exceed his hospitality to those who had the good fortune of a recommendation to him from the proper quarter. The journey from Lucknow had to be performed the first part of the way in Dhooly Dāk and the latter part on elephants and camels, which he sent to meet those who were coming to enjoy his hospitality. If any one wants an uncomfortable experience and a real shaking-up, let him try a long journey on a baggage camel with a native saddle. The Indian camel, not being like his Arabian brother the ship of the desert, resembles more in his movements a small fishing-smack in the choppy seas of the Channel. But all that could be done the Maharajah did for the comfort of his guests; and at the end of the rough journey they would find a properly-pitched camp, and their host ready to receive them, with an interpreter for those who did not know the language, as he spoke no English. During their stay he would show them a great deal of sport, and of very various kinds. One sort of sport that he was extremely fond of was wild-elephant catching, and he rented from the Government the right of catching elephants in the Dehra Doon. He had one of the finest studs of elephants in India, both Shikar (or sporting ones) and those that he used for catching the wild ones.

The amount of trouble, care, and training that the latter required was wonderful; for there were swift-running ones that had to pursue and overtake the herd of wild ones, and who had therefore to be kept in the highest possible state of training to enable them to single out the beast that was to be captured and separate it from the herd. Then there was the pride of his stud, a magnificent male elephant, of huge dimensions and great power, whose duty it was, when one was separated from the herd, to bring it to a proper state of submission, so that it could be chained between two female tame ones, and led off for its education to be begun. This splendid beast was trained to subdue the wild one through exhaustion, his mode being to knock it about and pummel it with head and trunk till the unfortunate captive was so exhausted and depressed that it allowed itself to be chained up and led off, the mauling that the champion gave it being a primary lesson in its education that it was never likely to forget.

These fighting elephants were always the pride of the Maharajah's stud, and were cared for in the most extravagant manner; nothing was too good for them; their trappings were splendid, and their magnificent tusks were richly gilded and painted. They had nothing to do except to take the necessary amount of exercise to keep them in health, when the season for capturing the wild ones was not on, and they were fed upon the best of everything, so that they should be as heavy and bulky as possible.

His Shikar (or sporting) elephants were broken to perfection, and they would stand as steadily to receive the charge of a wounded tiger as they would in small-game shooting when a quail got up. It seemed a strange anomaly to be shooting quail off an elephant's back, but in the heat of the day it was a considerable comfort, and it was perfectly marvellous to see how the elephants stopped short, when one of these miniature birds rose, and stood as steady as a rock till the shot was fired. With big game their perfect state of training was an immense advantage, as there was not the slightest fear of a panic with them, which so often occurs with only moderately broken animals, and which is so detrimental to good sport, besides being at times the cause of considerable risk.

He loved his elephants just as much as men in this country love their horses, and they amply repaid him for his care and affection by the good sport they enabled him to enjoy. Another of his favourite amusements was cheetah-hunting. The cheetahs are popularly supposed to be leopards; but in reality they are the connecting link between the canine and feline races, as their claws, unlike those of the latter, are only very slightly retractile. These beautiful spotted beasts stand higher than a leopard, and are longer on the leg, and become quite tame and tractable. Our host used to start for a hunt early in the morning, with his cheetahs, each on a light bamboo cart drawn by bullocks, and with a hood over its eyes. The sportsmen being mounted on ponies, the cavalcade would go out on to the plain, the attendants and shikarees (or native hunters) keeping a bright look-out for a herd of black bucks, which are the object of the hunt. The black bucks themselves are lovely animals, being of a black-brown colour on the back and sides, and pure white underneath the body, with beautiful spiral horns, and most graceful in their movements, which, when they are in a hurry, consist of a series of bounds. When the black bucks have been viewed, the cart with the cheetah in it approaches as near the herd as it can without disturbing them, and in some depression of the ground that hides them from their prey the cheetah is uncared, his hood is taken off, and an attendant leads him to where he can see his victim—an outlying one, as a rule, being selected. If the cheetah does not detect it at once, his attendant, by signs, shows him where it is. As soon as he exhibits signs of observing it he is unslipped, and then comes a most interesting and picturesque sight. The cheetah begins at once to stalk the black buck, creeping on his belly, and taking every advantage of any conformation of the ground that will hide him from the sight of his intended prey. If the black buck at any time during the stalk seems to show signs of uneasiness, the cheetah will lie perfectly still, with perhaps but a hardly perceptible movement of his tail, till the buck becomes reassured and goes on feeding again. So the stalk continues till the cheetah gets close to the unsuspecting buck, when he gives two or three bounds, and lands like a flash of lightning on the back of his prey, who leaps madly into the air and falls. The moment he falls the cheetah tears his throat, and begins to lap his blood, when the attendants rush up as quickly as possible, and entice him away from his prey with some favourite article of food, when his hood is slipped on, and again he is consigned to his cart. If he fails in his stalk, and the startled black buck makes off before he is near enough for his spring, he does not attempt to follow, as he would have no possible chance, not being endowed with great pace or endurance. A well-trained and young cheetah fetches a large price, cheetah-hunting being one of the favourite sports among the rich native princes of India.

Then, again, the Maharajah had many good hawks and falcons, and generally, when he was out with his cheetahs, his falconers would follow with these, and when tired of the former sport he would betake himself to hawking, which is carried on much in the same way as it was in England formerly, the usual game being the different kinds of herons and long-legged water-birds that abound in India, and black partridge. His hawks and falcons were as good in their way as his elephants and cheetahs, and he took as much pride in them, working them as a rule himself. It is impossible to imagine a prettier sight than the hawk after its game, and the Maharajah surrounded by his attendants in gaily-coloured costumes, and the bamboo carts a little way in the rear with the cheetahs on them.

Bird-fighting of all descriptions he was strongly addicted to, and he had many game-cocks, fighting black-partridges, and quails, and a most comical sight it was to see the latter having a set-to. The plump little fellows went at each other in the most determined manner, rolling and tumbling about, but sticking to one another in the pluckiest way, and, if not separated, they would fight till the death of one or both of them occurred. The black partridges, too, were most ferocious, and if possible were supposed to exhibit more courage and determination than the game-cocks. But the Maharajah always had the combatants separated when he saw one of them was getting the worst of it, or when they were both being severely punished, as he indulged in the fighting purely from the love of the sport, and not for the speculative purposes for which cock-fighting in England was carried on. When not elephant-catching, his chief occupation was big-game shooting, and most excellent sport he had, and gave to his guests in his jungles, both with tiger, leopards, and deer of all sorts, bear, and wild pig, there being no pig-sticking in the neighbourhood. In fact, he preserved the big game. His manner of getting his big game was by honks or drives; if he was going to drive a certain jungle, or part of it, men



would be sent on the day before to fix charpoys (or native beds) in suitable trees in the parts of the jungle that the game was likely to pass. In the morning the guns went on elephants from camp to where these charpoys were fixed, and each gun was placed in his allotted tree, with two or three rifles and perhaps a native Shikaree. The elephants then withdrew out of the jungle to some handy place where they were within hail. At an arranged time the honk began, an enormous number of native beaters driving the jungle towards the part where the rifles were stationed, making the most hideous noises imaginable, beating tom-toms, blowing horns, letting off crackers, and emitting sounds that made a perfect pandemonium. The game, naturally startled by such an outburst, was quickly on the move; and it was a matter of some excitement to the rifles, who had to keep a good look out, as anything, from a tiger to the smallest deer, might pass them, though the smaller sorts of deer were allowed often to pass scot free, for fear that a shot at them might turn some larger game that might be coming that way. In the event of a tiger or a leopard being wounded and getting away, the elephants were called up when the honk was over, and the wounded beast was pursued, that being the time when the splendid qualities of steadiness, pluck, and good training in the elephants were most brought into play. After a successful pursuit and despatch of the beast, the party would either move on to another jungle or return to camp, where the bag would be brought later on, on the backs of pad elephants.

Our sporting Maharajah was also very fond of all animals, and he had many curious tame ones that one does not often see domesticated, and a great collection of talking and whistling parrots and other birds. He was, indeed, a true sport-loving country gentleman, of high principles and honour, beloved by his own people and by his guests, brave, honourable, and generous.

#### LADY CLANCARTY.

IT is open to much doubt whether the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play *Lady Clancarty* was worth revival. The subject is certainly a tempting and promising one for the dramatist; but it is found to be far more romantic and striking as sketched by Lord Macaulay than as prepared for the stage by Mr. Taylor. True stories, the deeds of veritable personages, require exceedingly delicate handling. It is naturally in the highest degree improbable that a narrative of their actual adventures will fall into dramatic shape; something must be left to the poet, if he be a poet, or to the playwright, if he be a playwright, who sets himself the task of fitting history to stage purposes; and the question arises how far he is at liberty to stray from fact. Was Mr. Taylor, for instance, justified in connecting Clancarty with the Assassination Plot of 1696, with which it is known that he had no connexion? A good deal may be forgiven if the play is made impressive by divergences from history; indeed, were such divergences to be forbidden, there is none of Shakespeare's historical pieces that would pass muster; but the truth is that Mr. Taylor did not do justice to his theme. We feel that Lord Clancarty is vulgarized; his wife is not, on the stage, the poetical and sympathetic figure she appears to us in the pages of Macaulay; neither is more acceptable than is the coarse caricature of Cardell, or "Scum," Goodman. He was a desperate scoundrel, we know; but he was certainly not the common bully that is presented at the St. James's Theatre. Goodman narrowly escaped the gallows in the reign of King James, highway robbery being his offence; and he still more richly deserved hanging under King William, both for private and political offences; but he was a man of education, had been at Cambridge, and, when expelled from his University, had risen to distinction as an actor, Julius Cæsar being one of his most successful interpretations. He it was who first recognized the merit of Colley Cibber, and in that comedian's famous "Apology" the anecdote is duly related. Cibber's earliest glimpse of success was in the character of the chaplain in Otway's *Orphan*. The chaplain only appears in one scene, but it was enough to satisfy Goodman of the young actor's ability, and we are told that next day the elder player—now retired—asked what new fellow that was who had acted the chaplain, looked earnestly at the novice, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d." Cibber goes on to record his delight at being "commended by one who had been himself so eminent on the stage." The praise was more than the young actor could support. "It almost took away my Breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew Tears from my Eyes"! He doubts, indeed, "whether Alexander himself or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater Transport, in their Bosoms, than I did then in mine." We have dwelt on this in order to show how far Goodman was from the ruffian who swaggers and cringes in the revival of Mr. Taylor's work.

The accidental meeting of Clancarty and his bride at the wayside tavern, for the first time since they parted years before at the church door, he a boy of fifteen, she a child of eleven, is the invention of the playwright; for, in truth, Clancarty came to England for the express purpose of seeing his wife, and not to assist in a rebellion against King William. The recognition is ill contrived. We do not insist upon it that the actual events should be scrupulously followed. There would be little dramatic value in a situation which represented the bride eagerly awaiting and presently greet-

ing the bridegroom whom she did not know by sight; but—perhaps to some extent by reason of Mr. Kendal's tame performance of the hero—his discovery of the fact that the lady he has rescued from the coarse assault of the smuggler is his wife is totally ineffective. The mutual recognition is reserved for the third act; for Mr. Taylor had not sufficient material for his purpose, and spins out his four acts by delays and irrelevant episodes; but when at length Clancarty climbs up to the balcony of his wife's chamber in St. James's Square, a complication of motives and the necessity for long explanations weaken the incident. Mr. Kendal, who plays Clancarty with a curiously intermittent Irish accent, is found to be deficient in the air of distinction which should characterize the Earl. Mr. Taylor's method was somewhat crude. His Clancarty is too fond of telling us what a noble fellow he is, how incapable of baseness, how staunch to Jacobite principles, even in the face of King William. He is, in short, a good deal given to swagger. The playwright has over-coloured his picture, and the actor does nothing to tone it down; Clancarty becomes a conventional hero of melodrama. Mrs. Kendal always reveals serviceable qualities, no doubt, and well deserves a considerable portion of her popularity; but the character of Lady Clancarty is not well suited to her. The lady is not convincing when she appears in the guise of a persecuted damsel, the victim of a stern, ambitious, and vindictive brother. We cannot believe in Mrs. Kendal when she affects to be oppressed; nor is it in the portrayal of impulsive love that she is seen to advantage. The actress has considerable resource, and a knowledge of stage effect which rarely or never fails to call forth invited applause. An experienced singer knows well how to move the hands of an audience. A certain obvious evidence of preparation followed by the vigorous delivery of a high note will invariably win loudly-expressed approval; and with the actress there are pauses, movements, and intonations which are accepted as cues to which an audience surely responds. The employment of these artifices Mrs. Kendal thoroughly understands. The chief success of the representation is made by Mr. Mackintosh, as King William III.; and here the author has furnished opportunity to his exponent. No doubt the part is a very sympathetic one. William's tender regret for the dead Queen, his generous appreciation of what is noble in his enemies, shining through the unforced assumption of regal dignity, win regard for the King. Mr. Mackintosh plays extremely well until the end of the play, when every one has to be made happy, and then he shows some tendency to lapse into the ordinary good-natured uncle of comedy who genially bestows blessings and more substantial benefits on all around him. The over-anxiety of Mrs. Beerholm Tree causes her to force the humour of Lady Betty Noel. Mr. Waring, who has done so much good work of late, does not specially distinguish himself as Lord Charles Spencer. The reader who is familiar with the history of the period, and not with the play, will be apt to wonder how Lady Russell comports herself; but her ladyship is omitted from the scheme of the plot. Mr. Marcus Stone has done excellent service by designing the costumes. Nothing in the nature of display is sought; the dresses are sufficiently handsome, in perfect taste, and they combine picturesquely. The stage arrangement, though attributed to Mr. Hare, did not strike us as particularly meritorious. The smugglers, for example, had evidently been told to indicate the energy of their labours by passing their hands across their heated foreheads, and they did this with one accord, as if engaged upon a military exercise.

#### INCIDENTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE earthquake on the Western Riviera will be always memorable for the opportunities it gave of studying the contagion of fear among educated people. Most persons are as unwilling to acknowledge that they are without presence of mind as that they are without a sense of humour; and, when all is going on well and smoothly, we are apt to think that there is something savage in panic, something, at any rate, only partly civilized, and more proper to the unwashed stratum of society than to our superior selves. But, alas! that shaking on Ash Wednesday morning threw the thousands and tens of thousands of winter visitors to the Sunny South into a state of utter terror which sent them flying in all directions, when a moment's calm thought would have enabled them to see that, for their own comfort and convenience, they would in most instances have done much better to stay where they were. Serious earthquakes do sometimes come in pairs; Canton was convulsed on the 26th and 27th of May, 1830; Peru and Ecuador suffered on August 13-15, 1868, and San José de Cucuta, with all the neighbouring towns, was destroyed on May 16-18, 1875. Still, these are exceptions to a very general rule, and there was no real reason to expect that the severe shocks of February 23rd would be repeated on the following day, or after. Of course, where houses and hotels were rendered actually uninhabitable the inmates had no choice but to decamp; but this was not invariably, or even usually, the case. It must be owned that life on the Riviera is not bracing to the nerves. The pure pursuit of health or of pleasure was never supposed to make heroes; and then there is all the rest—the sun, the orange-trees, the blue tideless sea, the *far niente*, the small talk of the table-d'hôte, the suspension of all active duties, of all habitual obligations—what wonder if the sum-total produce enervation? Then, too, there was the sense of absolute security. As a matter

of fact, the Genoese coast experienced a sharp earthquake in 1819, and from very ancient times the peasants have believed that the so-called Monte Nero, which rises behind Ospedaletti, is an undeveloped volcano. But confidence was the order of the day, and any one who in the last hours of the carnival had hinted at a Ligurian Casamicciola would have been laughed to scorn. So everything combined to heighten the effect of the awakening, and, obedient to the first uncontrollable impulse of fear, the tens of thousands fled.

Meanwhile, in the little mountain villages where for the most part not one tourist has ever set foot, the real sufferers were beginning to count up their dead, and bring aid, if haply aid might be brought, to their wounded or dying. The earthquake had left erring Monte Carlo with hardly a stone displaced, to wreck ruin on these humble homes, on these pious folk, the majority of whom were engaged in saying their prayers. Some very serious damage was done in several of the less frequented of the coast towns, notably at Porto Maurizio; but the great calamities were reserved for the adjacent village of Diano Marina, and the small mountain hamlets of Bussana, Baiardo, Castellaro, Ceriana, San Romolo, Taggia Alta—names unknown to English travellers, with the exception of Taggia, where many English pilgrims have gone to see the house of the Signora Eleonora in "Dr. Antonio"—the house where Ruffini's mother, the original of that beautiful character, lived, and where Ruffini himself died two or three years ago. It is now a heap of ruins. It was strange to see at Taggia on the crumbling walls scraps of the handbills which the previous day had invited the *belle ragazze* to the rustic carnival dance.

At Diano Marina the dead amounted to 250. The unfortunate fishing village lies now amongst its cactuses and rich southern vegetation, with the quiet sea washing its shore—a picture of desolation. Most of the men were away in their boats, so that the victims were chiefly women and children. The survivors, who have lost their all, are calm and do not beg; they hide even their tears from the gaze of the curious. Here and elsewhere the behaviour of the Ligurian population in the midst of this sore trial has been admirable. The cases of theft and pillage which often disgrace humanity on such occasions have been almost absent, and almost everywhere the people have worked nobly at the perilous task of searching for the wounded and discovering the dead. Many lives have been lost in attempts at rescue. At Diano an old Garibaldian named Bono was killed in this way; in another place six members of a rescue party were crushed to death. Needless to say that the conduct of the military despatched from Genoa to assist in the work of mercy was beyond all praise. Once or twice there was some difficulty in persuading the peasants to help in burying their poor dead in the rough and ready fashion which alone was possible. At Baiardo, a village cradled among snow-capped mountains nearly three thousand feet above the sea, where the victims numbered 226, it was necessary to threaten a general cremation to induce the people to place the bodies in the two monster graves dug for their reception. One poor woman, who had dragged what was left of her husband to her house, absolutely refused to part with it until a rude coffin had been knocked together so as to give it the honours of a separate burial. At Castellaro, a hamlet of 800 souls, situated on a mule-track above Taggia, High Mass was being said, and the old priest was reciting the last prayers at the altar, when he heard a tremendous noise, and instinctively he rushed out by the door leading to the presbytery. "Afterwards, signore," he said, when relating his experience, "oh! afterwards—" a burst of sobbing stopped his utterance; presently he added, "I had baptized them all; I looked upon them as my children, and they were dead, all at once!" A few of the men had escaped by taking refuge under the arches of the side altars, the rest were crushed by the roof falling in, which happened instantaneously. The priest scrambled on to the ruined stones, and cried in a loud voice, "My children, trust in God's mercy. I absolve you all in *articulo mortis*." At Baiardo the church fell at the moment when the priest was distributing the ashes, according to custom on Ash Wednesday. Three hundred were buried. Some days after some women were seen kneeling on the road which overlooks the cemetery of Baiardo; when asked what they were about, one old dame replied simply, "Pregouma pei morti nostri; me figgieu è là" ("We pray for our dead; my son is there"). At Pompeiana the safety of the inhabitants was due to their being in church; for the three aisles were solidly constructed, and resisted, while the hamlet was reduced to ruins. At Apricale and at Ceriana the churches fell in; but no one was hurt, because, in the one case, the priest had been suddenly sent for to take the viaticum to a dying person, and all his congregation had followed him to form part of the procession, and, in the other, mass had been deferred, the *parroco* having to perform a funeral. At Bussana, where, unlike most of the places, the people were too terror-stricken to help in the rescue, which was effected solely by soldiers, several people were got out alive after a confinement of two or three days. A mother and daughter thus rescued thought that they had been immured for only half a day. A young man, who had lain quite naked for two days and a half in a narrow but secure crevice, was hardly freed when he sprang to his feet, and, when offered a bottle of wine, exclaimed eagerly, "Is it for me?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he swallowed most of the contents. In a house in the same village were found beneath the ruins two brothers clasped in a last embrace. Only the hand of one of them had been left uncovered. These brothers had a little tame sparrow; the shock of the earthquake opened its cage, so that the bird, flying forth, escaped in safety.

There it was, perched on the outstretched hand of its dead master.

At Ceriana a poor man, who earned his living as a milk-carrier, was supposed to have gone on his ordinary rounds, on which he started at four o'clock in the morning. No one, therefore, thought of inquiring about him; but the fact was that, having taken a glass or two of wine in honour of the carnival, he had overslept himself, and was still asleep when his cottage fell down upon him. He had a large dog, which drew the little cart bearing the milk up the mountain paths, and the dog by chance was outside and safe. He found out where his master lay, and succeeded in clearing the masonry so as to uncover his head, which was bleeding. He then set to work to lick the wounds; but, seeing that they went on bleeding, and also that he could not liberate the rest of the body, he started in search of help, running up and down among the surrounding ruins till he met some one, whom he caught hold of by the clothes. The man, however, thought the dog was mad, and fled for his life. Luckily another man guessed the truth, and allowed himself to be guided to the spot. Thus the poor milk-carrier was saved, and the ex-Minister of Public Works, Signor Genala, paid a visit to him where he lay, under a tent, with his head bound up and his dog stretched by his side.

Signor Genala, it may be added, won the hearts of these unhappy people by his prompt arrival on the scene, and by the obstinacy with which he insisted on visiting all the most dangerous places, where the walls were still falling. He is a young man, a native of Cremona; it is not many years since we heard him make his maiden speech at Monte Citorio. His gallant conduct has been much appreciated by the country and by the King, who, dauntless himself, is a keen admirer of personal courage in others.

#### IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE youthful peer is a peculiar and interesting object in English political society. His natural history is well worth writing. This, of course, is not the place for it. If he is ambitious and energetic, he is much to be commiserated. A capacity without an opportunity has the elements of tragedy in it. The opportunities in the House of Lords are so rare and slight that the elder peers insist on keeping them to themselves. They treat younger peers as John Willet treated the unhappy Joe—bid them hold their tongues when they are not saying anything, and tell them that the proper time to speak is no time. Their business is to listen and improve themselves. "The atrocious crime of being a young man" is more atrocious in a peer than in a member of the other House, though even there the elder Vestryman is becoming the type of the new member rather than the young adventurer fresh from the Unions of one or the other University, from forensic debating societies, or from such talking clubs as that in which John Mill gathered about himself Roebuck, the three Villierses, the two Bulwers, Charles Austin, Connop Thirlwall, and others. Now your worn-out Town Councillor becomes your young member, as in Shakespeare's time your withered serving-man was converted into your fresh tapster. There have, of course, been instances even in our own time of young peers who have burst their birth's invidious bar and grappled with the evil star which doomed them in their soft cradles or perambulators to the House of Lords. The most conspicuous examples are, perhaps, the Duke of Argyll, who, however, never was very young, and Lord Rosebery, whom the longest life would probably never make sensibly old. It cannot be said, perhaps, of either without exaggeration, that he has become the pillar of a people's hope, or the centre of a world's desire. Short of this, a man's speeches may be listened to in the House of Lords, and read in the country, and this measure of success the Scotch Duke and the Scotch Earl, with the characteristic energy of the nation when it came southward, have attained. The merits of the House of Lords are considerable both as a legislative and as a debating body. But it is essentially a senate, in the etymological as well as in the bi-cameral sense of the term. It cannot with any truth of description be called a lively assembly. Lord Chatham used to call his oratorical efforts there speaking to the tapestry, which in his day adorned it, and in which he found the suggestion of a stirring appeal to patriotism which might have moved the woven likenesses of the Elizabethan heroes into life, and brought them from the walls as Mr. Gilbert brings the portraits in *Ruddigore*. Still, even he sighed for the "live figures" of the House of Commons, whom, to his loss and theirs, he had deserted.

Nevertheless, the younger peers need not despair. If they wish to be useful, if they aspire to be distinguished within the limits which nature has imposed on them, they may find out a way. Subjects of permanent national interest are discoverable which may profitably be discussed while the House of Commons is debating its own procedure, on the principle of how not to proceed, and wrangling over the misappropriation of candle-ends in a foreign embassy and the waste of quill-pens which admitted of being cut at least once more in Government departments. Lord Ribblesdale, who is young for a peer, found a subject of this kind on Monday. The decline in the quantity and quality of horses in England does not affect merely the interests watched over by the Royal Agricultural Society, the Jockey Club, and the subscribers to the Pytchley hounds. It is vital to the defence of the country.



It closely affects the national defences. Outlasses which bend like hoop-iron, when, like Mambrino's helmet, they are submitted to tests not contemplated by the manufacturer; cannon which are more dangerous to the gunners than to the enemy; dockyard draughtsmen who sell confidential information to foreign Embassies and Legations; weedy boys who are obliged to fall out on the line of march, are not more dangerous to the country than a defective supply of horses for the cavalry and the artillery. England, it is true, is a maritime country; and politicians, like Mr. Bright and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who argue, when it suits their purpose, that steam makes coast defences and a large Channel fleet unnecessary, will argue that a large Channel fleet and coast defences make horses for the cavalry and artillery superfluous. The god of the sea was, however, the god of the horse also, and this is a conjunction which is worth maintaining. It is a serious thing that our horse population, as Lord Ribblesdale calls it, is declining like the human population of large districts in France. Until guns can be endowed with mobility, and cavalry officers and men can be converted into centaurs, there must be draught-horses for the artillery and mounts for the cavalry. Without horses, that rapidity of movement into which the art and practice of warfare are largely resolving themselves is impossible. At present, in the event of our being forced into war, there would, according to Lord Ribblesdale's computation, be a deficiency of twenty-seven thousand horses. It would be foreign to our purpose here to enter into these statistics and the argument of the question. Lord Ribblesdale touched upon a larger topic when he traced the evil in part to the fact that country gentlemen are to so great an extent ceasing to be country gentlemen, that they reside less and less among their own people, and interest themselves less and less in rural business and pastimes; that they are to be found in London when they ought to be in their own counties, and in the ends of the earth when they should be in England. This change of habits threatens to bring with it political and social evils even more serious than the decline of horse-production. Lord Althorp rendered, perhaps, greater services to his country in Northamptonshire than he did at St. Stephen's or in Downing Street. Lord Ribblesdale proposes to divert the money given now for Queen's Plates to the encouragement of horse-breeding. The Duke of Cambridge, who always speaks with good sense on subjects which he understands, and who never speaks on subjects which he does not understand, objects to Government establishments of horse-breeding, and is in favour of the Austrian method of buying two-year-olds and keeping them until they are fit for service. Lord Harris, more at home perhaps in the cricket-field than in the hunting-field or the field of war, represented the open mind with which Ministers await the detail and constructive scheme which Lord Ribblesdale has pledged himself to bring forward. A compliment to Lord Granville's horsemanship did not tempt him to open his lips; and a tribute to Lord Salisbury's "excellent brown mare" failed to induce the Prime Minister to break silence. The discussion was useful, and indicates the disposition and capacity of the House of Lords to deal with the business and interests of the nation in a business-like way.

The House of Commons has been occupied in alternate wranglings over the Supplementary Estimates and the Procedure resolutions, or rather the first Procedure resolution. The topics have been varied by complaints of the prevalence of fog in that assembly, which Mr. Plunket hopes to remedy by a process of infiltration, which, unfortunately, cannot be applied to its moral atmosphere. The absolute necessity of increased accommodation in the smoking-room to the efficient conduct of public business has also been insisted on. It is not only the draughtsman at Chatham Dockyard who seems to have an imperfect understanding of the meaning of the word "confidential." Some members seem to have in the recesses of their conscience a mental interpretative clause, in which a confidential document is defined as a document which may be surreptitiously communicated to the newspapers. In a celebrated sheep-stealing and sheep-killing case, one of the accused protested truly that he had not killed the sheep; the other denied indignantly that he had stolen it. Mr. Mundella did not give any one the Trades-Mark Bill, the substance of which subsequently appeared in the *Sheffield Independent*. He only told one of "the clever and ubiquitous gentlemen of the press," who know whom to ask for information with a fair chance of getting it, all about it, and was surprised to see it in the pages of his own local journal. He was not guilty of publishing, the newspaper was not guilty of breaking confidence. So with regard to the Report and Evidence of the Admiralty Contracts Committee, parts of which appeared in last Monday's *Times*. Sir W. Plowden, K.C.S.I., M.P., was allowed to take notes of them as a matter of favour, and under conditions of confidence, and after receiving a letter from Mr. H. C. Burdett as to the easiest way of "getting out the facts." He made transcripts of portions of the evidence and notes of the Report for Mr. H. C. Burdett, and Mr. H. C. Burdett—so only can Sir W. Plowden account for the publication—"may possibly have furnished the reports to the *Times*," especially as there was no other copy of the evidence than that from which Sir W. Plowden, K.C.S.I., M.P., made the transcripts, and no other transcriber than Sir W. Plowden. But what then? Sir W. Plowden did not communicate them to the *Times*, and Mr. H. C. Burdett was under no obligation of confidence. An obligation of honour may lose, it seems, its binding character by the judicious interposition of a second person. Transactions of this kind have, there is reason

to believe, been very frequent of late; and the members of the Government whose departments are concerned have done well in exposing them, and in declining to accept evasive excuses. An equal severity of judgment might profitably be exhibited in regard to certain irregularities of official patronage on the part of the Postmaster-General, which have been the subject of conversation in the House of Commons, and which have convulsed St. Martin's-le-Grand as with a moral earthquake.

*Semper eadem*—"worse and worse," as the Irish country gentleman freely translated the phrase, describing his own affairs—conveys in two words the state of things in the House of Commons. There debate seems to be resolving itself into a perpetual wrangle between the Chair and members. The aspect and conduct of the House suggests a group of schoolboys who have gone through the metamorphosis described in *Vice Versa*—bald-headed, grey-bearded, and corpulent Pickles. On Monday the Supplementary Estimates for the Civil Service were discussed; on Tuesday, Procedure; on Wednesday, Procedure again; on Thursday, the Supplementary Army Estimates; and yesterday, Procedure. Members transform themselves from House to Committee, and from Committee to House, with something of the rapidity with which the servant in Molière put on his coachman's coat to receive instructions about horses, and his butler's coat to take orders about the dinner. The House puts on the Speaker for Procedure, and Mr. Courtney for the Estimates. Unless there were this Castor-and-Pollux alternative, the Parliamentary Dioscuri would probably die of exhaustion. Each is the salvation of the other. But for Mr. Courtney, Mr. Peel would scarcely be able to sit up to the chair; but for Mr. Peel, Mr. Courtney might be unable to sustain himself at the table. Members have had opportunities of comparing the styles of the Speaker and the Chairman—the severity tempered by urbanity of the former, and the rougher and readier pre-emptoriness of the latter. The Chairman of Committees ought not to be as dignified as the Speaker, and he is not; the Speaker can scarcely afford to display the unconventional homeliness of the Chairman, and he does not. But both are creditably vigorous; and it is mainly due to them, and to the modest but effective leadership of Mr. W. H. Smith, that the House of Commons presents the faint semblance of order and gets through any business at all. The supplementary votes for the Science and Art Departments for Irish education have been passed. Sir H. Drummond Wolff's mission has run the Parliamentary gauntlet; the votes for services in the suppression of the slave trade, for the expenses of a change of coinage in Malta, for Scotch pauper lunatics, for a Treasury robbery, for the Post Office, for military services in Egypt, and the Brenner torpedo, have also been got through with. In the Procedure discussion the House has been occupied with the first resolution; but as, when that resolution is passed, it will become an operative Rule, later progress will, it may be fairly hoped, be more rapid than it has been in its earlier stages.

#### AN EXHIBITION OF BRONZES.

A LARGE and varied collection of Bronzes—English, French, Italian, and Russian—is now open at Messrs. Bellman & Ivey's in Piccadilly. It forms an interesting exhibition of work which is neither too large nor too costly for ordinary purposes. The only style of workmanship which has not been represented is the broad, massive, suggestively treated sketch. This grand and imposing manner of working makes its way slowly, even amongst artists, and the general public still regard it as somewhat brutal and incomprehensible. It is true that in an ordinary drawing-room busts and statuettes by such a master as Rodin present a startling and heroic aspect utterly at variance with their surroundings. Visitors to the show in Piccadilly, however, will not fail to find work with a serious, though a different, aim, and they will be offended by little that recalls the cheap clock-ornament. Some such work, of course, must be seen everywhere, and it will continue to occupy the odd moments of impecunious artists as long as buyers are to be found for it. Many great sculptors have been engaged in this commercial industry during their early struggles and owing to the resemblance to the stem of a birch-tree of the rounded, characterless modelling which the bronze merchants exacted, they have given in many Parisian studios the name of *Le Bouleau* to this kind of work. It must not be concluded that smoothness and polish are illegitimate qualities in bronze-work. Many statuettes in this show—such as Peynot's "Leda," Falguière's "Cigale," and Franceschi's "Reveil," are smooth enough and yet none the less well modelled. What is objected to is an elaborate rounding and polishing of surface at the expense of all subtlety and truth of construction. A quality that can be obtained in the leg of a table by means of a turning lathe is a poor substitute for the delicate variations of plane or the fine gradations of shape in a human limb. But in good work even it is true that a special effect, not always favourable to the modelling, comes from the shining surface of certain casts. Some figures will readily be noticed here in which either the expression becomes distorted or an undesirable importance is given to small detail by the brilliant high lights on the polished bronze or silver. An admirable quality is obtained in works in *Cire perdue*, of which unfortunately there are but few examples in the exhibition. Among these is one of the most thorough and careful pieces of modelling in the whole gallery. A. Boucher's "Au But" re-

ceived a first-class gold medal at the Salon of 1886, and was bought by the Government. From this bronze it will be seen that the strange composition of men running in close order so as to form a group has been well studied from the point of view of anatomy, and has been modelled firmly, with delicacy as well as with precision. The three runners are almost one on the top of the other, and the positions of their bodies are not unlike that of "The Combatant" in the antique. The attachments are fine and the attitudes full of vigour and movement. Amongst other work by Frenchmen we must notice the "Bélisaire" of E. Laporte, who has also received honours in the Salon; several bold statuettes by Mariotton; "L'Enfant à la Tortue" of Delaplanche; and Gaudes's "Ferraonnier," an everyday subject treated largely and without the silly detail which ruins the dignity of so much modern realism. Other work quite as good must be passed over in silence; but we cannot quit the French section without mention of Fremiet's fine treatment of horses. "Le Premier Prix," a large Flemish horse, such as we see painted by Van Dyck and others; "Retour au Pesage," racehorses and jockeys, modelled with spirit and taste; an equestrian statue, "Louis, Duc d'Orléans"; and some excellent and characteristic studies of dogs, may be quoted as fair examples of his work. Most of the Russian exhibits compare very naturally with Fremiet's groups. Horses and animals are commonly of importance in both, detail is carefully considered, and expression and gesture have been observed from the life with accuracy. The Russians, however, prefer a less broadly conceived treatment, and pay less attention to grouping and other strictly sculptural qualities. Their groups would ill bear enlargement; they are spread out in isolated masses, as in a picture, and abound in forms quite unsuitable to monumental sculpture. L. Posen's "Emigrants," for instance, is more like an elevated ground-plan of an encampment than anything else; it reminds one of raised models of cities or mountain ranges. It and other bronzes, such as Professor Lieberich's "Reindeer Team and Samojedo," and Gratchoff's "After the Battle," teem with realistic details in the treatment of clothes, guns, skins, harness, &c.; but they are unquestionably well drawn and piquantly introduced. Gratchoff's "Horses Drinking" seems to us one of the best in modelling of a sort of work which partakes more of the character of scientific ornament than of real sculpture. It is for this reason, on account of its small scale, and because it shows earnestness of purpose, that we think more of it than we do of the modern Italian ideal in sculpture. That, indeed, is the death of the art of treating form in three dimensions. The imitation in clay of a straw hat, where no difficulties exist of representing on the flat air, colour, and perspective, can scarcely be counted of more artistic value than the making of a veritable straw hat.

On turning to the work of Englishmen, we shall find much that need not make us ashamed of comparison with foreigners. Sir F. Leighton's "Wedded" is well known; it is by no means equal to the best of his work. Mr. Waldo Story's graceful "Dancer," however, and Mr. T. Nelson MacLean's broadly treated "Meditation," as well as other of his works, fully uphold their authors' reputations.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

NOTHING but work by Mendelssohn was played last Saturday at the Crystal Palace. The incidental music to Racine's *Athalie* formed the staple of the concert; the orchestral Symphony in D minor and the soprano air "Jerusalem" from *St. Paul* completed the programme. The Symphony, though published posthumously and counted as No. 5, dates from so early a time as 1830; *St. Paul* was finished in 1836, and the first complete performance of *Athalie* took place in 1845, about two years before the composer's death, so that the concert of Saturday embraced the greater portion of his career.

Though the Symphony in D minor, composed for the Tercenary Festival of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, bears the programme-title of *The Reformation*, Mendelssohn was not the man to sacrifice the constructive beauty or the direct and natural emotion of music to the necessities of any vague symbolism, or the requirements of any madly realistic view of art. He contented himself, as in his other symphonies, with seeking a certain local colour, and, suitable as some passages may be to express the varying phases of religious thought, the musical connexion of the work in no way depends on any such purely external and fanciful bond of union. It would, indeed, be impossible for the listener to suspect any correspondence in the sounds he hears to the spiritual warfare of conflicting creeds, were it not for the employment of such motives as the "Dresden Amen" and Luther's Choral "Ein Feste Burg." Even during the first movement, "Andante and Allegro," which pictures the agitation of the new spirit fermenting in the old belief, one insensibly forgets the symbolic meaning in admiration at the fine and imposing virulence of the music. As to the programme import of the "Scherzo and Trio," let who will find it, or who can. The first part, strong and jubilant, the second, elegant and sylvan, with a tuneful sway of violins and the mellow notes of reeds and plucked strings, seem to us merely the most piquant and original inspirations of the whole work, and entirely without any significance beyond their intrinsic and mysterious beauty. A touching "Andante" leads into the lofty and march-like opening of the last movement. We have often noticed that Mendelssohn's work meets with an especially fine and

intelligent rendering at the Crystal Palace; and, in spite of some trifling mishaps among the brass near the beginning, it would be impossible to imagine a better interpretation, or one at once so careful and so spirited, as this Symphony received last Saturday at the hands of Mr. Manns's orchestra. The execution of the last movement was a truly memorable performance. A wealth of contrapuntal writing which recalls the practice of Bach never seemed for a minute involved or meaningless. Passages rich with brass were treated with breadth and pomp, and the stately fire of the grand string phrases was brought out with astonishing verve and impetuosity.

In her rendering of "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," Miss Amy Sherwin did justice neither to the beauty of the air nor to her own pleasing talent. We have spoken before now of the purity of her intonation and of her gracefully pathetic voice; but no one, hearing her for the first time on Saturday, would be likely to suspect her merits.

Mendelssohn was hardly a "Romantic" in temperament, at least if compared with some of the more furious of his contemporaries and successors, who gave rein to their fancy, very often at the expense of the consequence, serenity, and stateliness of lofty art. Nor could he with justice be called a classic, placed as he was between the age of Mozart and the *début* of to-day. His humour, like that of his great precursor, Beethoven, rather resembled Shakspeare's composite genius than the polished and reticent temper of Racine and Molière; and so we do not look to his *Athalie* for any embodiment of the measured and classic spirit of Racine. Indeed, he undertook this work in no very willing mood, impelled thereto by the command of the King rather than by the voice of natural inspiration. He carried it out, moreover, amidst the worries due to his official position at Berlin, which no longer left his imagination untenanted and free, as when he composed his great symphonic works. The Crystal Palace choir undertook the choral singing on this occasion; and the solo music was entrusted to Miss Amy Sherwin, Miss Marianne Fenna, and Miss Eleanor Rees; while Mr. Santley read the narrative portions of the work. Miss Eleanor Rees is well known and justly admired as a ballad-singer. Her voice is of fine quality, and her style full of expression; but she, scarcely less than her colleagues, lacked the physical power necessary to the adequate rendering of her part. Of the choruses, that which recurs several times on the words "Heaven and earth display" is decidedly the grandest and most powerful; and fortunately it received the most effective rendering of any. Mr. Santley read with admirable clearness, perfect enunciation, and a magnificent volume of voice; but, perhaps owing to the somewhat jerky prosody of the verses, he rather over-emphasized the rhymes and the metrical accent. The well-known Overture and the "March of the Priests" were given with wonderful spirit and fire by the orchestra.

#### BECKX, GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

THE announcement last week of the death of the General of the Jesuit Order would have been an event of more practical importance if he had not been virtually superseded, at his own request, three years and a-half ago by the appointment of a co-adjutor, with right of succession, in the person of Father Anderledy. Father Beckx was then 88 years of age, and had already held the office, to which he was elected on the death of Roothan in 1853, for the long period of thirty years. The "Black Pope," as the Jesuit General is sometimes called, cannot resign his post any more than "the White Pope," but Beckx was allowed in his old age to devolve the onerous duties to which he was no longer equal on the coadjutor who now succeeds him, for which however there was only one precedent in the history of the Society. And it must be remembered that the Generalship is a more important, and therefore of course more laborious, office in the Jesuit Society than in any other Religious Order. The whole conception of his institute was framed by Ignatius Loyola on a military model, and the General, as his title indicates, is a military despot. The first three Generals of the Order were Spaniards, and from their hands and those of the fifth, Acquaviva—the fourth was a mere cipher—it received the impress it has ever since retained. Ignatius framed its constitution; to his successor, Laynez, who was an accomplished theologian, it owes the peculiar theological character it has ever since retained; it was the special aim of St. Francis Borgia, the third General, to promote the cause of education, and, in the words of Sir James Stephen, "he lived to see the establishment in almost every State of colleges formed on the model of that which he had himself formed in the town of Gandia." And we need hardly say that to its command for some two centuries of the education of Catholic Europe, next—if next—to its control of the confessional, the Society owed its enormous influence for good or evil in the Church and in the world. The fifth General was Acquaviva, a Neapolitan, and it was his work, during his prolonged rule of thirty-four years, to consolidate and stereotype for all future time the rigid system of centralized military absolutism devised by the founder, of which the autocracy of the General is the keystone. He met with strong opposition, both within and without the Order, but he triumphed over it, and even procured a fresh Brief from Paul V. forbidding the discussion of any regulations in the original scheme of Ignatius. Just as he left the Generalship it has remained ever since, an irre-



sponsible autocracy. No doubt certain formal checks on the arbitrary power of the General are provided, and there is even in extreme cases a provision for suspending or deposing him. But in one case only, of very rare occurrence—of which a word shall be said presently—have these limitations any practical effect. In Mr. Cartwright's words, "he is an autocrat, provided only he will exercise his vast prerogative in astute furtherance of the special aims of the Order." There is scarcely an item in the regulations he has not the power of dispensing, and it is noteworthy in more ways than one that a Jesuit Father makes his solemn profession "to Almighty God, in the sight of the Virgin Mother, and to the General of the Society standing in the place of God." The introduction of the Virgin Mother, while no mention is made of Christ or of the Trinity, is significant of the Spanish origin of the scheme. The General is elected for life; over every member of the Order he has absolute authority; he can promote or humiliate, expel or retain them at his own will, and refuse to admit or get rid of subjects whom he does not deem suitable instruments for his purpose. Among those who have thus been refused or cashiered in recent days may be mentioned the famous preacher, Ventura, Theiner, the Oratorian, afterwards Keeper of the Vatican Archives, Passaglia, and Curci.

We said just now that in one case only—and that of very rare occurrence—does a Jesuit General realize any limitation of his omnipotence. It is not very common to find a Pope desirous of reforming the Papacy, and the task is likely to prove one of almost insuperable difficulty if he does so desire; hence the reply attributed to Dr. Dollinger, when the present Pope on his accession sent him a friendly message reminding him that "there was a new Pope"—"Yes, but the same Papacy." Adrian VI., whose sincerity is unquestionable, had perhaps too short a reign to justify our saying more than that his experiment did not look a promising one. But neither could Innocent XI. in his pontificate of thirteen years do much towards righting the balance between the persecuted Portroyalists and their unscrupulous assailants. In his time occurred, so far as we are aware, the solitary example of a conflict between a Jesuit General and the Order with whose spirit he was out of sympathy. Gonzalez had written a treatise against the casuistic "Probabilism," which drew upon his brethren the scathing satire of the *Provincials*; but the General, Oliva, would not allow him to publish it, in spite of the express approval of the Pope. Innocent however, on the death of Oliva, procured the election of Gonzalez, whose treatise he had read, in order, as he informed him, to rescue the Society from lapsing into the adoption of a lax system of moral theology. But the new General encountered at every point the determined opposition of his refractory subjects, and they managed to prevent the publication of his treatise. He left on record at his death a protest, addressed to Clement XI., against their bitter and systematic hostility from first to last.

The principal incidents in Father Beckx's life may be told in few words. Born at Sichen in Belgium, February 8, 1795, he was educated at a school at Testelt till it was closed by Napoleon in 1812. In 1815 he entered the episcopal seminary at Mechlin, where the future Archbishop Sterex was his tutor, and in 1819 he was ordained priest and appointed to a parochial cure; but three months afterwards he joined the Jesuit Order at Hildesheim. His superiors at once detected his abilities and employed him in various delicate and important missions. When the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen became a Catholic, he was appointed his confessor and placed in charge of a new mission he established at Köthen, and this post he retained till the Duke's death in 1847, after which he continued to act as chaplain to the Duchess. In 1847 he was named Procurator of the Order for Austria, and on their temporary exclusion from that country soon afterwards became Rector of the Jesuit College at Louvain. He was instrumental in procuring the reinstatement of his Order in Austria, and in 1852 was made Provincial. In the following year on the death of Father Roothan he was elected General, and that office he filled for a longer period than any of his predecessors except Acquaviva, of whom we spoke just now, and who has been not inaptly styled the Numa Pompilius of the Order. It is said that during his Generalship the number of Jesuits has more than doubled, and it is certain that their influence in the Roman Catholic Church—which however had been gradually reviving since their restoration by Pius VII. in 1814—has enormously increased. How far this has been due to his personal action it is difficult for an outsider to pronounce, but considering the autocratic authority exercised by the head of the Society, he must at least be credited with the chief responsibility for the line of policy it has pursued. The nature of that policy became a patent fact even to the Protestant world when it attained its crowning success in the Vatican Council of 1870. The author of *Janus*, when sounding his note of warning a twelvemonth earlier, observed that the danger did not date from yesterday, but that "for some twenty-four years the reactionary movement in the Catholic Church, which is now swollen to a mighty torrent, has been manifesting itself." And he goes on not obscurely to connect the reaction with the machinations of the Jesuits, who ever since the Revolution of 1848 and the flight of the Pope to Gaeta had gained complete ascendancy over the mind of Pius IX. From him they obtained in 1866 an Apostolic Brief of exceptional, if not unique, character, elevating the *Civiltà Cattolica*, first started in 1850, into a kind of *Moniteur* of the Court of Rome, its conductors being erected "in perpetuity" into a "College of writers, champions of the Catholic faith, its doctrines and rights,

under the express condition that they shall in all things depend absolutely on the General." Its articles in fact often read like elongated Papal Bulls, and it announced with good reason a year beforehand that the Vatican Council would proclaim the dogma of Papal infallibility—which the Jesuit Order had exerted its utmost influence in every way to promote—and affirmed with more questionable accuracy that the Catholic world would hail the proclamation with delight. It even expressed the hope, which proved fallacious, that no serious opposition would be offered to its programme, and that the Council would not last more than two or three weeks. This at least was declared to be the hope and belief of "the true Catholics, who are the great majority of the faithful." It may at all events safely be affirmed that, but for the exertions of the Jesuit Order, the definition of the infallibilist dogma would never have been mooted, still less achieved, and throughout the critical period when this new departure of Pius IX.—who had opened his pontificate in a very different fashion and with far other aims—was being carried on to its final consummation Beckx was General of the Jesuits. His abilities, we may presume, lay rather in the practical than the literary direction, for a devotional manual on the *Month of Mary* is his only literary bequest. But the office of a ruler is to rule and not to write. The greatest writer the Jesuit Society has ever had, Mariana, was not only not the General, but was in many respects out of harmony with the authorities and the dominant spirit of his Order. Laynez, as we have said before, was an accomplished scholar and theologian, and he represented the Papacy at the Council of Trent, but he is not known as an author. Bellarmine, on the other hand, from whom the Order may be said to have learnt the arts and resources of controversy, did not become its General. No doubt it is a favourite boast of Jesuits that their great divines, like Vasquez and Suarez, are the equals, if not more than equals, of "the angel of the Schools," Thomas Aquinas; but it is to their rulers, their educators, their royal confessors, not to their divines, that the Society owes the vast influence it acquired, and to some extent still exercises, in the Church. The name of Beckx will go down to posterity with this distinction, if no other, that, in the midst of his career as General, "the praetorians of the Papacy" achieved what for upwards of three centuries—since Paul III., in 1540, affixed his seal to the Bull *Regimini*, the Magna Charta of the Order—had been their persistent aim, by investing the triple tiara with the aureole of infallibility. We say this had been their aim from the beginning, but of course on the implicit understanding that in the exercise of this, as of his other high prerogatives, "the White Pope" would allow himself to be guided by the counsels of "the Black." The new General, who is Swiss, is sixty-eight years old, and has been for fifty years a Jesuit. He is reported to be an excellent linguist, and a shrewd man of the world.

#### A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

THOSE who were present at the performance of *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, given by the Dramatic Students, at the Olympic Theatre on Tuesday afternoon last, will probably admit that this was the most interesting antiquarian revival which the Society has yet attempted. It will be remembered, for purely literary interest, along with the representation of Dryden's *Maiden Queen* given by the same company in January of last year. Some of the daily papers have said that Heywood's text was very much cut down on Tuesday last, but this seems to be a mistake. We have compared the new acting version with that of the quarto of 1607, and we find nothing but a few groups of lines excised here and there. No single scene of the noble old tragedy was omitted. It was, perhaps, the most Shakspearian performance which a recent audience has seen, since it was a picture, such as Shakspeare nowhere gives us, of domestic life in England in the central years of his career. Performed in 1602, it is a curiously exact specimen of drama dealing with events of the moment, and its tragical passion gains intensity from this very fact of its known contemporary interest. *A Woman Killed with Kindness* has always been admitted to be Heywood's masterpiece, and a very fine example of our old dramatic literature. It is now proved to be an acting piece of power and interest.

The extreme simplicity of the plot, which sometimes appears a little childish to the reader, was not so annoying on the stage, where the eye and ear were gratified by so limpid a perspicuity. Nothing, of course, could quite justify the crude and startling collapse of Mistress Frankford's virtue at the end of Act II., and the utter want of cohesion between the two divisions of the plot was felt to be artless enough. But, on the other hand, the mere reader is not likely to appreciate the extreme felicity, from the stage point of view, of the great central scene, the card-party in Frankford's house, with all the business subsequent upon it, nor the quiet beauty of the final death-bed scene. In each of these the spectator felt, as he can never have done in his study, the value of Heywood's long practical knowledge of the stage and its requirements.

The central parts of Master and Mistress Frankford were taken by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss Webster. The former was one which made a great strain on the actor's powers, and one which he cannot be said to have triumphed in. But he did very well; he was fervid and sympathetic, and showed an absence of violence or

ranting which was to be commended. At first he was a little stiff, and, after he warmed to his task, a little rough; but it was a great negative merit that, in so purely tragical a part, he contrived to imitate no leading tragedian. We must give somewhat higher praise to Miss Webster's *Mistress Frankford*. She has the demerit, however, of showing too little variety in her acting. When *Mistress Frankford* has to rush in with her cry of "Oh! by what word, what title, or what name, shall I entreat your pardon?" the moment is one of the most thrilling that the drama of the world has to offer; but Miss Webster had not the vigour to rise to it. She sobbed and sobbed, but her penitence left us cold. In the later scenes, where she was bowed down with remorse, and spent with grief and shame, she was more pleasing and more sympathetic.

The language of the play is unequal, in some passages very fine indeed, in others tame and prosy. The Dramatic Students showed their habitual reverence for the poet, and recited their blank verse with care. Mr. Foss took great pains with the difficult part of Wendell, and made a fine infatuated villain. Mr. F. Harrison was a good Sir Francis Acton, gallant and magniloquent. Miss M. Ayrton played Susan Mountford with care, and made one or two excellent points. Mr. Percival Clark was a conscientious Nicholas. If the Dramatic Students could conquer a certain stiffness, they would deserve great commendation. As it is, their devotion to the neglected masterpieces of dramatic literature, their independence of convention, and the industry with which they pursue their undertakings cannot fail to enlarge the sympathetic circle of their supporters.

#### THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE FIRST TWO MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

THE Board of Trade Returns which were issued this week have been looked forward to with special interest, since they cover the two months in which the war scare occurred, and it was feared that the effect of that scare would be to retard the trade improvement which had already set in. Naturally the export trade would be more affected by the apprehension of war than the import trade. A great war, such as was thought to be imminent some weeks ago, would involve not only the greater part of the Continent, but possibly also India and even China; and naturally the countries which should become the theatre of operations would be exposed to an utter dislocation of business. Wherever hostile armies appeared communication with the rest of the country would be cut off, requisitions of all kinds would be made, and much injury would be inflicted. If towns were besieged, they also would be completely isolated, neither ingress nor egress being permitted. One of the natural consequences to be apprehended would be a suspension of specie payments in one or more of the belligerent States, leading to the disturbance of credit. Further, it might become necessary to prolong for a considerable time the stipulated period for the payment of debts. During the Franco-German War Paris was completely invested for months together, and, however honest debtors might be, they could not pay their creditors elsewhere. So, again, at the close of the war, a protraction of the period allowed for paying debts had to be made. For these reasons it is not surprising if English houses in many cases declined contracts offered them from the Continent, or even refused orders given. Our trade with the Continent, it is true, is not the most important part of our national business; but still anything that injuriously affects that trade would make itself felt on the whole volume of the trade of the country. But it is to be recollected that, if we were involved in hostilities with Russia, she would probably attempt to invade India, and a threatened invasion of India would affect our whole Eastern trade. As a matter of fact, there was a fall in the prices of produce, which sent down the Indian exchanges and checked remittances from this country to the East. Further, there was an utter paralysis of speculation, not only upon the Stock Exchange, but in commercial business. The fall in prices upon the Stock Exchange must necessarily have had a considerable influence upon trade, for many of the speculators, and still more of the investors in stocks, are engaged in trade; and a material fall in prices lessens the borrowing power of the holders. Not only this, but the prospect of a further fall compelled all speculators to provide and hold funds against contingencies. The mere fall upon the Stock Exchange, then, had its effect upon prices of commodities; but in commodities themselves speculation plays an important part. Whenever there is reasonable prospect of a rise in prices speculators step in to buy up stocks, and hold them for the expected rise, and thus accentuate that rise itself. The fear of war prevented this action of the speculators, and thus probably put off for a period the rise in prices which a few months ago was everywhere expected. Further, it is to be recollected that the apparent imminence of war induced capitalists everywhere to provide funds, calling in money not only from the Stock Exchange, but from merchants and others, and holding that money in readiness for eventualities. The outbreak of war might have consequences upon the bourses and money markets of Europe which nobody could foresee. The greatest and most powerful houses might find agents, correspondents, debtors, and the like injuriously affected by the crisis, and might, therefore, find it absolutely necessary to hold large funds ready to fulfil their engagements. Even if no such necessity arose, the outbreak of

hostilities would lead to great loans, and capitalists would naturally desire to have large funds ready to benefit by those issues. Altogether, then, the scare which occurred was extremely likely to diminish the supply of loanable capital available for trade as well as for the Stock Exchange, to indispose capitalists from engaging in new enterprises, to deter speculators from buying up stocks, and to make merchants and manufacturers extremely cautious whom they trusted. But the effect would be felt much more largely in the export trade than in the import trade, because, as we have been pointing out above, the export trade is to countries some of which, at least, were likely to become the theatre of war, whereas the import trade is to our own country, and nobody seriously fears that this country will be invaded or will lose its supremacy at sea.

Let us turn, then, in the first place to the export trade to ascertain what has been the effect of the war scare upon our foreign trade. For the two months the total value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 35,063,868*l.*, an increase over the corresponding period of last year of a little under a million and a half, or about 4½ per cent. At first sight this is extremely satisfactory; but it is to be recollected that the first two months of last year were extremely unfavourable. There was a falling off in the value of the exports of very nearly 4 per cent. Practically, therefore, the increase this year little more than makes up for the falling off last year. Compared with the two first months of 1885, the increase is only 104,145*l.*, or about ½ per cent. It is, of course, satisfactory to find that the loss of last year has been made good, and that there is even an increase, however small, over the first two months of 1885; but the fact must not be lost sight of that the increase this year is not at all so encouraging as at first sight it looks to be. It would seem from this that the war scare has had some effect upon our trade generally. The truth is that in some departments there has been a very marked improvement, and in others there has been a falling off, and that the real growth is due to the fact that our trade is so world-wide that even if it suffers in one direction it gains in others. We have from time to time called attention to the increase in the purchases by Americans of British and Irish produce and manufactures as an influence tending to stimulate improvement here at home, and as indisputable evidence of the revival of trade in the United States. During the past two months, of twenty-four principal articles exported from the United Kingdom to the United States, we find that there was an increase in value of about 14½ per cent. This increase was on an increase in the first two months of last year, and shows, therefore, that the revival in the United States is still in progress. It testifies, too, that the improvement in our own foreign trade during the past two months came rather from the countries not directly affected by the apprehension of war than from those more immediately concerned. The greatest increase in any part of our export trade was in yarns and textile fabrics, in which the value of the exports in the past two months exceeded those of the first two months of last year by over a million, and this increase is almost confined to cotton piece-goods. All through last year there was a remarkable increase in the exports of cotton piece-goods from this country to India. The exports went on growing when the exchange fell rapidly; they continued to grow when the exchange rose, and they have still continued to grow while the exchange has been moderately steady. Evidently, then, the expansion of the export trade of cottons to India is independent of the state of exchange, and is due really to the increased prosperity of the people. Many years have passed away since there has been a serious famine. In the meantime railways have been extended; districts formerly inaccessible have been brought within reach of the great markets of the world, and are now able to dispose of their surplus produce, and so both prices and wages have risen. The wheat trade has grown up and become developed, and other important industries are either arising or are expanding. The result is that the people are more prosperous than ever before, and, consequently, are able to buy more of our goods. But there is another notable circumstance connected with the increase in the exports of cotton piece-goods, which is that most of the South American republics have taken larger quantities in the past two months than in the first two months of last year. The depression, which has been extremely heavy in the raw material producing countries, is passing away; the countries of the River Plate, Mexico, Brazil, and Chili are growing more prosperous, and as they become more prosperous they are able to increase their trade with this country. As the beer trade just now is exciting interest, we may note that the exports for the two months fell off a little over 3 per cent. compared with the first two months of last year, the decrease in the exports to India alone being nearly 20 per cent. When writing last week on this subject, we pointed out reasons for expecting a fall in the price of beer. We have since learnt that the London brewers, to prevent further dilution by the retailers, have agreed to allow them a reduction of three shillings per barrel. If the two great Companies lately issued to the public follow this example, they will be affected as follows on the basis of the business of 1885 and 1886:—Guinness's trade in the former year was 1,357,600 barrels, and the profit 554,327*l.*; deducting 3*s.* per barrel, we get 203,640*l.*, which would leave 350,687*l.* Allsopp's trade in 1886 was 650,000 barrels, and profit 238,191*l.*; deducting 3*s.* per barrel, we get 97,515*l.*, which would leave a net profit of 140,676*l.*

As we observed above, the import trade is not likely to have been as much affected by the war scare as the export trade,



and, as a matter of fact, we find an increase in the value of the imports for the two months of about 4½ millions, or 7½ per cent. The greatest increase here is in raw materials for textile manufactures, amounting to nearly 2½ millions, and, as might have been expected from what goes before, the largest increase is in raw cotton. The cotton industry being prosperous, there is naturally an active demand for the material of that industry. This is in itself an extremely satisfactory circumstance, for it shows that manufacturers look forward to a continued activity in their business; and it shows, likewise, in spite of complaints, that that business must be fairly profitable. The next largest increase is in articles of food and drink duty free, mainly in wheat and wheat-flour. There is a very large increase, indeed, in the imports of wheat, which have risen from a little over 5½ millions of cwts. in the first two months of last year, to a little under 8½ millions of cwts. in the past two months. The increase during the past two months is exceptional. In the last four months of the past year there was a diminished import. At one time the price fell even lower than in the preceding year; but the price has since materially risen, and for the past six months, that is, for the first half of the current agricultural year, the import of wheat alone is nearly the same as in the corresponding period of last year; but there is a decided increase in the import of wheat-flour. Still, the excess is not very material. It is remarkable, we may observe, in passing, that in spite of the increased demand there is a further marked falling off in the imports from Russia. Russia appears to be entirely losing ground in our wheat market, and naturally, therefore, the difficulties of her farmers are growing greater and greater. There is also a very considerable falling off in the import of wheat from India, but it is to be recollected that the harvest time in India is in the spring, and naturally, therefore, the supply available for export was running short. The great increase in the imports is from the United States, the imports from the Atlantic ports having been during the past two months between six and seven times as much as in the first two months of last year, while those from the Pacific ports are more than twice as much. There is also a considerable increase in the imports of metals, especially of iron and steel, of which the exports also have increased largely. And there is an increase in manufactured articles. Altogether the returns must be pronounced to be fairly satisfactory. There can be little doubt from them that some check to trade improvement has been given by the war scare, but the check was not sufficient to counteract the stimulating influences applied from elsewhere, and in the result there is a marked improvement comparing with the first two months of last year, and even some improvement compared with the first two months of two years ago. It is, in making this comparison, not to be lost sight of that in some cases prices are lower now than they were twelve months ago. Especially would this seem to have been the case in the classes of iron and steel exported to the United States. Probably a large part of the purchases was of old iron and steel intended for re-manufacture. At all events, although there is a considerable increase in the quantity, there is no such increase in value. As regards the future, it is reasonably certain that the improvement will become more marked and rapid if political dangers pass away and confidence in the maintenance of peace is restored. Even if war should break out, the probability is that the improvement would continue. Certainty of any kind is better in trade than uncertainty. Besides, there is little speculation in trade going on. The trade we have is mainly hand-to-hand trade, and that would improve under existing conditions in spite of war; while war itself would create special demands that would stimulate certain industries.

#### MONTE CRISTO AT THE GAIETY.

IT is wholly due to Mr. F. Leslie's rich and ever-surprising invention, admirably supported by Miss Farren and Mr. E. J. Lonnen, that the Gaiety burlesque now makes an extremely diverting progress, a result that could scarcely be foreseen on the opening night, when the playgoer was sorely tried in endeavouring to detect the burlesque aims of the authors. No one cares to inquire why Mr. Leslie figures as Noirtier in the bill, or why Miss Farren is supposed to represent Edmond Dantès, or what is the *motif* of a burlesque that perverts nothing and presents a blank cheque to the ingenious comedian and popular actress. With Mr. Leslie, Miss Farren, or Mr. Lonnen on the stage, singly or together, whether as dancer, singer, or mime, the spirit of Momus possesses the house from start to finish, save for a sad interval or two, when some dull dialogue or a very modern sentimental ballad overshadows the sparkling scene. Some few changes in the cast must be noted. Miss Marion Hood replaces Miss Delaporte as Mercédès, singing and acting with her wonted grace and refinement, though the part is far too slight for so capable an artist; and Miss Fay Templeton, the original Fernand, is succeeded by an actress who plays under the absurd style of Miss Billee Barlow. The clever step-dancing of Miss Lottie Collins, and the delicate movements of Miss Sylvia Grey, a dancer of the ethereal and poetic order, are still among the agreeable incidents of the piece. As to Miss Farren, her exuberance of animal spirits seems boundless. Even in the palmy days of *Little Doctor Faust*, she was not brisker or brighter than in the rich and reckless display of odd unexpectedness in the prison scene in the *Château d'If*. As Dantès in the

sack, her burlesque of the melodramatic situation is extremely happy. Her lively allusive song, "Inside," now goes with irresistible effect, and her funny duet with Noirtier, with the delirious dance that follows, can only be compared with the inimitable drollery of her song and break-down in the third act in the guise of a French *curé*. To do justice to Mr. Leslie's inventive power is almost as difficult as to measure his comprehensive capacity as an actor. He is an accomplished vocalist, a comedian of original gifts and excellent training, a dancer of infinite sprightliness and grace, daring, masterful, possessed of a singularly keen and nimble intelligence. He overbrims with by-play, exquisitely facile and spontaneous, prodigal in invention, and of incredible audacity. So rapid and resistless is the untiring play of his tricksome fancy, it is a hard matter keeping pace with its fleeting succession. His variety "business" absolutely defies description, just as his disguises baffle the keenest eye. He will concentrate the attention of the whole house on a single gesture; the point of his umbrella, the capricious play of his moustache, or a mere eye-twinkle, imparting to the lightest circumstance of triviality the most incongruous significance and the most surprising drollery. When he darkens the stage by the blowing out the moon at a breath, or when he recalls the light by the daring device of a patent-match which leaves quite as much light after it is extinguished, he shows the admirable quality of his fooling. His entrance after an enthusiastic call, when he deftly throws a bouquet at his own feet, is but one of many samples of his ingenious humour. Delightful is the manner of his exit as he opens the missive concealed in the bouquet, glancing with sly apprehension at the contents, as who should say, "I could an' I would," and finally retiring in a flush of conscious virtue. His mimicry of Mr. Irving, momentary though it be, is perfect; the stride, the muttered phrase, the oblique pathetic look flashed over the shoulder under the acute angle of the heavy eyebrow are simply irresistible. The remaining imitations, dashed off with incredible verve in the breathless course of a topical song, are almost all instantaneously recognized, and some—e.g. Mr. Toole, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Grossmith, and Mr. Barrington—are brilliant in the extreme. The amazed beholder, rendered thoughtful by so versatile a display, may well marvel that an actor of such rare and sterling parts, a singer so richly gifted by nature, with so excellent a method, should be unprovided with a more worthy field of illustration than is afforded by an utterly formless and spiritless burlesque. In the higher *genre* of comic opera or in pure comedy Mr. Leslie would be a valuable acquisition to any company. As De Villefort Mr. Lonnen is the able and indefatigable ally of Mr. Leslie. His singing of the very taking ballad of Ballyhooly is a conspicuous success in the entertainment. To see these two in their freakish dance is to see what cannot be efficiently described. Nothing so stimulating in its whimsicality has been witnessed on the stage for some years past.

#### MARY MCINERNEY'S ALLOTMENT.

[Some extraordinary evidence was given to-day at Gort on the occasion of an inquiry by Mr. Arthur Bourke, Local Government Board Inspector, under the Labourers' Cottages Acts. One of the proposed cottages was stated to be intended for Mary McInerney, a young unmarried girl of 19, who, the Guardian of the division stated, was an agricultural labourer. She was unmarried, but if she got the cottage would not be long so. Major Blake, the owner of the estate, opposed on the grounds that Mary McInerney's father had already 33 acres of land, a portion of which he had sublet to two tenants, and if a cottage was to be erected, it should be on McInerney's own land.—*Daily News*.]

HE saw thy form in youthful prime,  
And seemed, the papers say,  
Disposed, for just a little time,  
To take your grant away, Mary.  
He asked were you a labourer?  
Surely a question mean  
When he could plainly see you were  
A lass of sweet nineteen, Mary.

The Guardian did a "Yes" return,  
And who shall say him nay?  
You milk the cows, you ply the churn,  
You stir the curds and whey, Mary.  
If that's not agricultural,  
Such labour's never been  
Nor ever shall be done by gal  
Of blooming bright nineteen, Mary.

On his inquisitorial work  
Still sternly set alway,  
He asked, that odious Mr. Bourke,  
Were you unmarried, eh, Mary?  
You bent your head, you would not speak,  
But strove that blush to screen  
That glows so hot upon the cheek  
Of sweetly shy nineteen, Mary.

The Guardian owned you were not wed,  
But need not long delay,  
It being obvious, so he said,  
That when you will, you may, Mary;

The which, methinks, is true, my dear—  
A cottage, snug and clean,  
Adds something to the charms, I fear,  
Even of sweet nineteen, Mary.

Then Major Blake must needs proceed  
Your secrets to betray,  
And do his wicked best to lead  
The Inspector all astray, Mary.  
A father's acres thirty-three  
Have nought to do, I ween,  
With what may well allotted be  
To girls of sweet nineteen, Mary.

"He has sublet," the Major cried  
"To tenants twain"! And pray,  
Ought one for that your sire to chide?  
It is a thrifty *trait*, Mary.  
So far from tending to arouse  
This churlish landlord's spleen,  
It should have prompted him to house  
His tenant's "sweet nineteen," Mary.

Blake hinted, then, I understand,  
In his offensive way,  
That you by right should get your land  
From old McInerney, Mary.  
How Mr. Bourke has power to act  
Is what I cannot glean,  
But trust he can't evict, in fact,  
A lass of sweet nineteen, Mary.

Ould Ireland surely won't keep cool  
If you're forbid to stay;  
The story of your wrongs, me jool,  
Shall ring from say to say, Mary.  
The little song I here have sung,  
Like "Wearing of the Green,"  
Shall be on every Irish tongue  
From ninety to nineteen, Mary.

Good luck, then, to that Guardian bowld  
Who placed you there, I say,  
And may you your allotment howld  
For many a happy day, Mary.  
And worst of scan to Major Blake—  
Why must he intervene?  
The cottage and the lot to take  
Away from sweet nineteen, Mary.

## REVIEWS.

### ACTA PONTIFICUM ROMANORUM INEDITA.\*

DR. PFLUGK-HARTTUNG'S ambitious project has advanced a considerable stage with the present volume, or rather section of a volume; for this big book is described on the title-page as merely "Abtheilung I." of "Band III." It is a pity that he has provided it with so slight a preface, while we must still wait for the promised indexes, without which it is hard for students to make much use of the work. The editor's aim, as he expressed it six years ago, is to collect and edit the missing portions of the documentary history of the Papacy prior to the election of Innocent III. in 1198. He has doubtless found out by this time that the task is beyond the accomplishment of any one man, even though he should live to the age of Ranke, and though he should acquire as wide a personal acquaintance with the libraries and librarians of all Christendom as Dr. Pflugk-Harttung has with those of Italy. The original or the copies of ninety-nine out of every hundred documents in this volume were found by him in Italian capitular, municipal, or national libraries. Indeed, every librarian ought to study that delightful book, the *Iter Italicum*, in which Dr. Pflugk-Harttung has unconsciously given us so lively a portrait of himself. We can there track him from library to library in the Italian cathedrals and cities, stirring up the canon-librarian or the local archivist to let him search amongst their hidden treasures. He was sent to explore the Italian archives at the charge of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and the *Iter Italicum*, the result of his explorations, is a kind of "Badeker" to the Italian archives and libraries. It is a model of method, and an indispensable guide, saving time and trouble, and full of useful hints to any scholar who may follow him. In an alphabetical list, beginning with the Archivio Capitolare at Alatri, he has summarily and methodically indicated the contents and condition of each library, given the name of the archivist or librarian, and curiously portrayed the character of the guardians of the documents. He found most of them, clergymen or laymen, "sehr entgegenkommend," and sets down every case in which the foreign

scholar is admitted to the "unbeschränkter Benutzung" of the documentary treasures. In a few cases his portraits are less pleasing. At Piacenza, for instance, in the capitular library of the Duomo, as he tells us, Canon Ostacelli caused him to go four times to the cathedral, and each time failed to meet him; while at his fifth visit the canon-librarian would only allow him fifty minutes for work, which scarcely sufficed to copy "Formosus 891, Nov. 13," and would not allow any independent search. At Naples he found the State Archives in a deplorable condition; but this was almost atoned for by the singular readiness of the officials to assist him in every possible way.

It was doubtless upon this tour, to which he makes no reference in the present work, that the editor obtained nearly all its materials. Not a few of them have been mentioned already in Jaffé's well-known Register. But Jaffé provided little more than a chronological catalogue, necessarily incomplete; while Dr. Pflugk-Harttung is not only printing all the documents in full, but has discovered many which are unnoticed in the second edition of Jaffé's *Regesta Pontificum Romanorum*. The editor is of course fully aware of the inevitable incompleteness even of his own collection. As he said a few years ago, "Papal documents, which have been despatched into all parts of the world, form a mass which can never properly be exhausted." It is necessary to the completeness of such a work that other scholars equally competent should make similar researches in archives as far asunder as those of St. Petersburg and Lisbon, and even of Southern America, to those which he has made throughout Italy. He has done wisely, in view of the length of science and the shortness of life, to limit his own labours to the centuries preceding the pontificate of Innocent III.

The title-page states that the volume contains "Urkunden der Päpste vom Jahre c. 590 bis zum Jahre 1197." It must not be supposed, however, that the earlier instalments of the work were filled with documents of the Popes anterior to Gregory the Great. In them, as in the present volume, the majority of the contents belonged to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Indeed, only twenty-two documents in the present volume are dated prior to 1100. There are two from Gregory the Great, one of which is at least doubtful, and the other manifestly spurious. The former is a copy made in the fourteenth or fifteenth century; in the latter, Gregory the Great, who held the Roman see from 590 to 604, informs Childerich, King of the Franks, that he has consecrated a monastic church in the diocese of Lyons, and has granted to its abbot certain possessions and privileges. Childerich I. died a century before Gregory became Bishop of Rome, while Childerich II. did not become king until half a century after Gregory's death. The entire volume from page 19 to the end is occupied with the twelfth century. It contains nearly five hundred documents. By far the greater part of them are letters from the successive Popes taking some local church—in most cases a monastic or collegiate church, occasionally a cathedral church—under apostolical protection, and confirming it in the enjoyment of its possessions and privileges to the end of time. For this favour a specified annual grant has to be paid to the Roman Curia. The right of "sepultura libera" is one of the privileges most frequently given or confirmed to local monasteries in the early part of the century. Another privilege frequently granted throughout the century, and plentifully illustrated in the present volume, was a papal prohibition against the building of new churches within any "parrochia" or upon any lands belonging to a particular monastery. The development of the *Ecclesia Romana* into a *Curia Romana*, of which a contemporary complained, is almost exhibited in process by this series of documents, which, but for their occasional religious language, might be taken for the records of some great wholesale house of business. Their value for the elucidation of local history, chiefly of Italian local history, is incalculable; but, as a rule, they contribute scarcely anything, except incidentally, towards the general history of the Roman Pontificate and of Christendom during the period which they cover. It was the age of the intellectual movement of Abelard, of the remarkable republican movement under Arnold of Brescia in Rome itself, of St. Bernard's virtual direction of the Papacy, of St. Bernard's crusade, of the conflict between the Roman Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and the Roman Pontiff, and of the strife of St. Thomas on behalf of the Papacy in the Church of England. Yet these world-stirring events, which must have been matter of talk and anxiety to every Christian tongue and conscience, find no mention. In this series of local documents we trace the local diplomatic business of the Papacy going steadily and coolly forward in all corners of the earth throughout this century of turmoil, exactly as if nothing were at stake. It is true that the historical student who reads between the lines may find not a few stray rays of light. For instance, in the succession of places from which the many documents of Eugenius III. in this volume are dated, it seems to be possible to clear up a point upon which Dean Milman is uncertain and full of guesses—the various wanderings and resting-places of the Pope during his exile from Rome, while he was dreading lest the Emperor Conrad should enter the city and give the Imperial confirmation to the strange and short-lived restoration of the Roman Republic. From 1145, when he was at Viterbo, to 1152, when he was again in the Lateran, we are able by the help of these documents to follow the wandering Papal Curia from place to place, and so unravel the hitherto confused account of the historians. By means of a series of Apostolical privileges which he poured forth profusely during his troubles, we find that he was in turn at Viterbo, Trastevere,

\* *Acta Pontificum Romanorum Inedita*. IV. Urkunden der Päpste vom Jahre c. 590 bis zum Jahre 1197. Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. J. v. Pflugk-Harttung. Stuttgart: W. Kohlhammer.



Sutri, Viterbo again, San Genesio, and Vercelli, before he crossed into France in the spring of 1147; and that on his return to Italy in 1148 he ventured into Brescia, Arnold's own city, where he took the provost and canons of St. Agatha and Cremona, and the collegiate church of Sant' Antonino at Piacenza, "sub beati Petri et nostra protectione," confirmed them in their possessions and privileges, and prohibited the bishops from exercising the power of excommunication or of interdict in their churches. The increasing depression of the episcopate into a Papal lieutenancy is traceable throughout the documents. Privileges of exemption for an abbot and his monks from the authority of the diocesan bishop occur numerous. The right to prohibit a bishop from exercising the powers of excommunication and interdict in a monastery or college of canons was so eagerly coveted an object of desire that forged and falsified Papal Bulls of exemption, as we know from contemporary writers—"in episcoporum contumeliam," said Peter of Blois—abounded throughout the twelfth century. Archbishop Richard of Canterbury, the successor of Becket in the Primacy, who was himself a monk before his elevation, attempted to protect the secular clergy of the Church of England against them. The endeavour of the great Pope Innocent III. to suppress the scandal belongs to a period which lies outside this volume.

Dr. Pflugk-Hartung has printed thirty-nine documents of the only English Pope, Hadrian IV. Nearly all of them concern Italian monasteries and collegiate churches, take them under the protection of St. Peter and the Roman pontiff, and confirm them in the enjoyment of their possessions and rights. The yearly payment to the Roman Curia varies; in two cases it is to be an ounce of gold, in one "unum byzantium," in another "tres byzantios," in another "duodecim denariorum veterum Mediolanensis monete." There is one Bull of Hadrian IV. illustrating the manner in which the Holy Land was being turned into a sort of Papal colony. It was found in the State Archives of Palermo, and is addressed to Wido, or Guido, abbot of St. Mary's monastery, in the valley of Jehoshaphat in the diocese of Jerusalem, taking the monastery into Apostolical protection and confirming its possessions and privileges. These possessions are catalogued at great length and detail, and include lands, "parishes," churches, houses, and tithes in Tyre and Sidon and in Galilee, and the curious grant from the Pope to the abbot, "in omni portu terræ Jerusalem sine navali exactione libere intrare et exire [cum] navibus et omnibus vestris rebus." Hadrian IV. confers the same liberties on the abbot in respect to the city of Ptolemais, "sine aliqua tributali consuetudine." His church is also exempted in a number of ways from the jurisdiction of the (Latin) Bishops of Jerusalem, who are not to subject it to an interdict, or celebrate the divine offices in it. For this right ("libertas") the abbots are to pay to Hadrian and his successors in the Apostolic See an ounce of gold every year.

The contents of these documents are so similar in character, and there is so much formal language of the Curia repeated in each, that it seems almost desirable, considering the immense bulk of material still remaining unedited, that in future issues the editor should only print in full such documents as are of exceptional importance. It seems hardly necessary to reprint the anathema at the close of each, which rarely varies. The gentle Celestine II.—the documents of whose short pontificate of six months are numerous—invariably used the formula that any person, ecclesiastical or secular, violating the privilege, "a sacratissimo corpore ac sanguine Dei et Domini, redemptoris nostri Jesu Christi, aliena fiat, atque in extremo examine districtè ultionis subiaceat." He dropped out the "cum Juda" used earlier by Benedict VIII. Later in the century Alexander III. added that the violator would incur "indignationem omnipotentis Dei et beatorum Petri et Pauli, apostolorum ejus," and this was continued by every Pontiff—or by the executing "scriptor" or "notarius," or "cancellarius" "sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ"—to the end of the century.

Each document in the volume is indicated by a number. After the number follows a very curt summary of the contents, then the date of the year, month, and day, and the place of issue. The editor's notes on the language, and his historical and biographical elucidations, which are very short but sufficient, are printed at the foot of the page. In order to lighten the use of the work by foreign students, the names of places are given where possible in their national modern form; thus a church of "Sanctus Johannes" in the text is rendered "St. Johann" if it is in Germany, "St. Jean" or "San Juan" if in France or Spain. Dr. Pflugk-Hartung has also added in brackets after the name of every monastery the diocese in which it was then situated—as "Santa Maria Reale (D. Palermo)," "St. Robert-la-Chaise-Dieu (D. Clermont)." The reader ought indeed to have been told—that he can only discover by referring to an earlier volume—that whenever a cross is printed before a document it means that it is not trustworthy in its details, while a star indicates that it has been much falsified. Each document is followed by a short biographical account, stating in what archive or library it now rests, whether an original or copy, whether the leaden seal is still attached to it or lost, and other notes, and a description of the present condition of the manuscript.

## NOVELS AND STORIES.\*

*DEVIL'S FORD* is a Californian mining sketch by Bret Harte, and therefore it is needless to say that the characters are fresh and natural, and that real pathos and real humour are contained in it. The plot is a simple one—of two miners who fall in love with two young ladies, the daughters of the principal owner of the mine. As he usually does, the author makes his men chivalrous gentlemen at heart, although rough and uncouth in external appearance. We should not be justified in spoiling the story by even hinting how it ends. The type is clear and large, and altogether this is a pleasant book wherewith to wile away an hour on a railway journey.

In *The Explosion* one Wilford, the villain of the story, induces Colonel Verner to invest in rotten speculations, and to appoint him manager of a colliery that the Colonel possesses, with the result that Wilford robs him of large sums, and finally blows up the mine. The Colonel has a ward and niece, whose funds he speculates with, and loses. Wilford becomes aware of this, and uses the knowledge to compel the Colonel and his niece to agree to a marriage between him and the niece. The marriage service is interrupted by Wilford's being arrested on a charge of manslaughter, and then it turns out that he already has a wife living. The characters in this story are not well or naturally drawn. The Colonel is described as an honourable man, and yet he robs his niece, whose guardian he is. The men and women, whether they be pit-workers or ladies and gentlemen, all talk in the same style, and with the same amount, or rather want, of education. The author's English is bad, and often almost unintelligible, as may be seen from the following quotations:—"Watson was present to give his actual and also his circumstantial evidence; and there also appeared a bookkeeper, who in virtue of his connexion with the pay-books and the number of notes paid each week could not fail to detect some discrepancies, had any occurred." "The County Assizes were at hand, and to Wilford soon passed over." It is a great pity that so many writers should attempt to describe criminal trials without knowing how they are conducted; in this book the counsel who prosecutes Wilford on an indictment for embezzlement appears (according to the author) on behalf of the Crown, Colonel Verner, and the prisoner's wife. As counsel for the last-named he asks the judge of assize to order that alimony should be paid out of the prisoner's money to his wife. Looking at the peculiarity of his duties, and the novelty of this request, we are only sorry that we are left in ignorance of the result; but we can quite believe that "it (namely, the trial) was the talk of professional men throughout the country."

It has always been a matter of wonder to us who can be found to read all the shilling sensational novels that are published, and also how any author can produce novel after novel with much the same plot and facts in each, and yet not make them too much alike. *Lover and Lord* is one of these novels with the usual lovmaking, and the necessary murder of which the wrong person is accused, until repentance visits the real murderer and all is made clear. The author revels in adjectives and grandiloquence which are out of place, as, for instance, where she writes of the horses of a "heavily laden" Victoria Station omnibus as "plunging." The "Family Story-Teller" series, of which this is one, made two or three successful hits, as in *The House in the Marsh*, but now we fear it has fallen back, and become no better or more original than its rivals.

*A Millionaire's Daughters* is supposed to be the account of an American family's experience as the owners of a Highland estate in Scotland. Mr. Girdlestone, the American millionaire, brings over with him an American valet and a negro servant; the greater part of this novel is taken up in relating the quarrels that take place between these two, and between them and Archie, the Scotch steward of the estate. The negro kills the valet, and manages the murder in such a way that Archie is accused of it and has to fly from the country. One of the millionaire's daughters falls in love with a Captain McDonald, who, together with Archie, is killed in battle. The descriptions of scenery and Highland customs are not good, and the characters are most unlikely. One of the most unnatural scenes is that where the tenants of an estate in the Highlands play "When Johnny comes marching home" on their pipes to greet Mr. Girdlestone on his taking possession of this estate, which he has purchased. We should as soon expect the Land League in Ireland to welcome the return of a landlord with

\* *Devil's Ford*. By Bret Harte. London: White & Co. 1887.

*The Explosion*. By James Motherson. London: Wyman & Sons. 1887.

*Lover and Lord*. By the Author of "A Mad Love." London: W. Stevens. 1887.

*A Millionaire's Daughters*. By J. A. Steuart. London: White & Co. 1887.

*Old Shipmates*. By Claud Harding, R.N. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1887.

*Brueton's Bayou*. By John Habberton. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

*Rutheen's Wrecks*. By R. Greville Williams. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1887.

*Little Tu'penny*. By the Author of "Mehalah" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

*The Shan van Vocht*. By James Murphy. Dublin: Forster & Co. 1887.

*Almack, the Detective*. By E. H. Cragg. 1887.

the strains of "O Willie, we have missed you," played on the Irish harp.

*Old Shipmates* recounts how an officer named Jervoise seduces an Irish girl, unsuccessfully attempts to seduce his friend's wife, and finally is murdered by his first victim's brother. This is not a pleasant novel, as the author seems all along to be trying to inspire his readers with a certain amount of liking for Jervoise, who is as thoroughly cold-hearted a villain as can well be conceived. Were it not for the unwholesomeness of the plot this would not be a badly written book; it is therefore a pity that the author should have chosen such a subject.

Mr. John Habberton fully sustains in *Brueton's Bayou* the reputation as a writer of fiction which he earned by *Helen's Babies*. If the characters in the present story are true to nature—as, judging from their consistency, they are—this book should remove the prejudiced ideas that most Englishmen and many Americans who live in the Eastern States entertain of the farmers and planters in the South-West. The plot is a simple one of home life on a farm in the South-West. A pleasanter place to live in than Brueton's Bayou could not easily be found. It is not only the place, but also the people who live there, that are charming, as they possess a mixture of refinement and country freshness which is most delightful. We should spoil the pleasure of any one who may read this story if we were to indicate what is the plot of it, and therefore we can only say that it is one of the brightest and most pleasant novels that we have come across for a long time.

If the number of startling incidents contained in a story were the test of its goodness, then, indeed, would *Ruthven's Wrecks* be one of the best novels ever written; but, unfortunately for the author, this is not so. The hero, Robert Ruthven, is a most astounding villain, whose wickedness is too great to be possible. He successfully personates his dead brother for some time, representing himself to be dead, and thereby obtains his brother's property. The result of this is that Robert's wife marries another man, and many other complications ensue. After committing nearly every crime in the calendar, and being addicted to every vice, the hero dies penniless and in rags. There is one really amusing scene, in which the old family lawyer is deceived by an unscrupulous solicitor, who thereby gets valuable information which he otherwise could not have obtained. Perhaps, on the whole, this story is as well written as most of the "Shilling Dreadfuls."

*Little Tu'penny* is a story of how a girl whose mother had been a lady's-maid, and then married a gamekeeper, is brought up to think that her beauty will help her to marry a gentleman, and therefore naturally becomes the prey of a scoundrel. An honest miller, by name Joe, loves her from the time she is a child; but she rejects him, and marries a man whom her mother and she believe to be related to a duke, but who turns out to be a burglar. Little Tu'penny's gradual awakening to the truth of who and what this scoundrel is, and his treatment of her is well described. The miller's character is a fine and consistent one, and one cannot help admiring him for his faithfulness to Little Tu'penny, in spite of her frivolity and folly. When the heroine discovers that her supposed husband had a wife, living at the time when he went through the ceremony of marriage with herself, the miller does not reproach her, but takes her to his home and marries her. Altogether this is a pathetic little story, well and simply told, although the author falls into the mistake of making all his characters, whatever may be their respective positions in life, speak in the same manner.

*The Shan van Vocht* is a stirring tale of '98, with the scene laid in Ireland. The idea of patriotism which runs through this novel, is the now too common one in Ireland, that to help a foreign State, which is at war with England, is the highest service that a man can render to his country. The accounts of battles on land and at sea are spirited; but the merits of what would otherwise be a not uninteresting novel are seriously diminished by the author's obvious straining after political effect.

In *Almack, the Detective*, the author attempts to do that most difficult of all things for a novelist—namely, to draw a good picture of a member of the criminal classes. To do this properly without producing simply the portrait of a repulsive and unnatural monster requires the genius of a Dickens, and this certainly Mr. Cragg does not possess. The author tries, but without success, to make his story interesting, by the amount of violence and crime he introduces; but his criminals are uninteresting. The hero, who combines the profession of solicitor with the calling of a private detective, is of the usual stamp to be found in the so-called detective stories. The attempts at humour in this novel are very dreary, but on one occasion the author does almost become humorous—where, however, he means to be pathetic—in the account he gives of a little child's death.

#### SÂ DE MIRANDA.\*

IT was not without a certain misgiving that we took up this portly volume of nearly a thousand pages, and every one who has had any experience of what may be called resuscitation editions of old poets will understand the reason. Editors in these

cases unfortunately very often, from long contemplation of one object, lose all sense of perspective and proportion, and the pedestal on which they place their idol has an irritating tendency to rise under their hands from six cubits to forty, like the pillar of St. Simeon Stylites. In this instance, it is true, the name on the title-page was reassuring. In its earlier and more familiar form of Carolina Michaëlis it was associated with more than one piece of solid scholarly work on the literature and philology of the Romance languages, and it recalled the admirable *Antologia Española* and *Romancero del Cid* published some years ago by Brockhaus, of Leipzig. At any rate, a very few pages sufficed to dispel any apprehensions the proportions of the book might have raised of an attempt to depose Camoens and set up Sâ de Miranda in his stead. The time and labour bestowed upon the poet have not in this case produced in the editor that peculiar form of critical blindness we have alluded to. Her estimate of Miranda is a very moderate and temperate one. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it does not err on the side of moderation, and that those who are at all familiar with the old poet would not have pardoned, nay welcomed, a little more enthusiasm in this the first worthy edition of his works. She is careful to impress upon the reader that he must not expect to find a genius like Garcilaso, Camoens, or Petrarch, a lyrical poet of the first order, one of those "upon whom the divine breath has breathed." Miranda's poetry, she thinks, had no spontaneity in it; it was the result of an effort. All this is to a certain extent true; but it tends to convey an impression which is not a true one, and assuredly one she never meant to convey. Miranda was no warbler of native wood-notes wild, but he was as little of an artificial or mechanical poet as might be. He bestowed infinite labour on his poems, but that does not of necessity make them laboured. He blotted and corrected incessantly; as he puts it himself, he was always licking his verses as the bear licks her misshapen cubs; but that was because of the artist instinct that was strong within him, and also because of the peculiar position he occupied in Portuguese poetry. If it were allowable to apply the terminology of physical geography to literature, Sâ de Miranda might be compared to the watershed that separates two regions differing widely in climate, scenery, soil, and productions. On one side he belongs to the middle ages, and is a representative of the mediæval poetry of Portugal; on the other, he is one of the moderns, a poet of the so-called classical cultured school, of which Camoens is the greatest product.

The transition he represents was more abrupt in Portugal than in any other country, far more so than in its neighbour Castile, for example. Portugal, for one thing, had no genuine popular or national poetry to be supplanted, and in this respect the difference between the sister-kingdoms is very striking. Portugal has, no doubt, an early ballad-poetry, but it is not, in the same sense as the Spanish, a national ballad-poetry. The Portuguese ballads are, in truth, mainly variants or versions of the Spanish. In a few cases there may be a common origin, but in the great majority the origin is manifestly Castilian. It is plain that the Portuguese did not share the ballad-making faculty that distinguished their neighbours. They had plenty of materials for a national ballad-literature in their own stirring history, in their triumphs over the Moors and their long struggle to maintain their independence against Castile, but the Spanish romances of the Charlemagne cycle seem always to have had greater attractions for their minstrels. Their own great dramatist, Gil Vicente, who loved old ballads and repeatedly quotes the Spanish or the Portuguese adaptations of them, never cites a genuine Portuguese ballad. Nor had they anything corresponding to the devotional or didactic poetry of Gonzalo de Berceo, Juan Ruiz, Ayala, and others, that mediæval Spain was rich in, or to the epic or narrative poems on the Cid, Fernan Gonzalez and Alfonso XI. The only poetry, in fact, Portugal could boast of before the sixteenth century was a kind of modification of the Provençal, due partly to intercourse with Provence through Aquitaine, but mainly to a succession of monarchs, many of them accomplished troubadours themselves, and all more or less patrons of the *Gaya Sciencia*. The Cancioneiro of King Diniz, with its hundred and twenty-seven contributors, gives some idea of the growth of this transplanted Provençal minstrelsy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when, from the king downwards, every one about the Court seems to have been a poet or at any rate a maker of verses; and the far more interesting and important Cancioneiro of Garcia de Resende shows what it had developed into in the fifteenth under the influence of the Castilian poets of John II.'s Court, when something more like what we call *vers de société* took the place of the monotonous love-moanings of the troubadours. Resende's Cancioneiro shows a still more luxuriant condition of poetry, if many poets be a proof of it, for between contributors and others quoted or mentioned it furnishes a tale of well-nigh three hundred names. But of these not above half a dozen can be said to have secured a place in Portuguese literature. His services to it, more than his verses perhaps, entitle the editor Resende to an honourable one, and the wise and brave Infante Pedro, second son of John I., must always be included in a list of Lusitanian poets; Gil Vicente, the dramatist, is quoted, and among the contributors appear Bernardim Ribeiro and Miranda, or rather the Doctor Francisco de Sâ, as he was generally called in his lifetime. In 1516, the date of the volume, he was young to be already a doctor, having been born in 1495, and of the thirteen pieces contributed by him some, if not all, must have been written while he was yet in his teens. There is nothing juvenile about them for all that; they hold their own well in the company they are placed in; and,

\* *Poesias de Francisco de Sâ de Miranda*. Edição feita sobre cinco manuscritos inéditos e todas as edições impressas. Por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. Halle: Max Niemeyer.



indeed, three of them have been on their own merits selected for translation by F. W. Hoffman in his *Blüthen Portugiesischer Poesie*. Nor do they in any way foreshadow the part Miranda was to play as a poetical reformer, for they are all in the Castilian manner and spirit, and in the eight-syllable Castilian measures, for the most part in redondillas, which had been now for some time naturalized in Portugal. It was not until after his return from Italy, some ten years later, that he appeared in his new character. Italy just then presented a strange spectacle. Frenchmen and Spaniards had been for a quarter of a century fighting for the possession of the country, while Italians looked on with apparently no more interest in the struggle than if the bone of contention had been one of those islands on the other side of the world of which the voyagers were bringing back tidings to Europe every day. To all appearance cultivated Italians, at any rate, were more concerned in settling the texts of the classics, creating a poetry inspired with the spirit of antiquity, and ringing changes upon the loves and complaints of pseudo-Virgilian shepherds and shepherdesses, than in the question of who were to be the owners of the soil of Italy. A notable consequence of this temper of theirs was that Italy became the great school of culture to Europe, and the first country to avail itself of this was Portugal, then at peace and rapidly growing rich and prosperous. The first results were not much more than a taste for pastorals and the production of Bernardim Ribeiro's eclogues. It was not until after Miranda's return, about 1526, that the influence of Italy made itself distinctly felt. He came back with no great respect for the Italians of the day, as his verses show in one or two places, but full of Dante and Petrarch, profoundly impressed with the structural superiority of Italian verse, and convinced that it was idle to look for breadth or power in a poetry restricted to the Spanish or Portuguese measures. These he was too good an artist to discard altogether, as the Spanish reformers did, but he sought to combine with them the eleven-syllable line, the ottava and terza rima, and the sonnet. The last is often said to have been introduced into Portugal a century earlier by the Infante Pedro; but the story is only one of Faria e Sousa's *patranhas*. The two sonnets on which it rests were really the work of Miranda's friend and pupil, Antonio Ferreira, and the first ever written in Portuguese were unquestionably those of Miranda. Whether a man who introduces the sonnet is to be regarded as a benefactor to the literature of his country must be left an open question; for to some minds he will deserve to be classed with those well-meaning, but eventually mischievous, people who enriched the fauna of New South Wales with the sparrow and the rabbit. Nobody who looks through a moderately large collection stands in need of the injunction, "Scorn not the sonnet," for the proofs of its power on almost every page will ensure respect for it. But sonnet-writing is, after all, a struggle for the mastery between poet and sonnet, and it must be owned that in a large proportion of cases the sonnet has decidedly the best of it. The instances in which from first line to last the poet has made the sonnet do his will are greatly outnumbered by those in which the sonnet has driven the poet into a corner, and made him come out with words he never meant to use and say things he did not want to say. This perhaps would be no great matter, were it not that the thoroughpaced sonneteer is what the poetry of the prize-ring would call a glutton; no amount of punishment seems to make any impression on him. No matter how often the sonnet knocks him flat, out of time, and out of sense, he comes up smiling again, and goes in for another round of twaddle with a light heart. But, if Miranda needs any excuse for having placed this snare in the way of his countrymen, he has a sufficient one in Camoens; for he at least is one whose mastery over the sonnet is seldom doubtful, and some there are who will say that the Camoens of the Sonnets is a truer poet than he of the *Lusiads*. By the time Camoens was a student at Coimbra, Miranda had completely carried his point in grafting the Italian versification on the native stem, and by establishing the ottava rima as a Portuguese measure had made the *Lusiad* a possibility. Still Camoens cannot be counted as one of his pupils in the same sense as Ferreira or Bernardes. It is clear they never met, and that no communication ever passed between them. They are silent, too, as to each other, and on this Faria e Sousa has built up a theory that Miranda was jealous of the youth who he foresaw was to eclipse him. The suggestion of jealousy was injudicious; for, if there was any, it was on the other side. It is, to say the least of it, strange that Camoens should never once allude to the illustrious poet to whom Portuguese poetry and he himself owed so much; but there is nothing strange in Miranda's silence as to Camoens. He died twelve years before Camoens returned from India, and he had been for a long time living a life of retirement far away in the north when Camoens figured as a gallant about the Court. Miranda's withdrawal from the Court is commonly attributed to some lines on the marriage of the Infante Fernando in one of his eclogues, which gave offence; but there is no need to seek for any reason beyond the very sufficient one to be found in his works. He was old-fashioned in his ways and tastes; he had no relish for the Court life of the day, which was very different from what he remembered in his youth; he detested the tone of modern Portuguese society; he loved peace, quiet, and meditation; and, moreover, he was fond of the country and country life, and a keen sportsman. Besides, it is absurd to suppose that the personal friend of John III., as Miranda clearly was, could have been driven from Court by anybody. On his retirement the King bestowed upon him the commandery of Duas Igrejas, the income

of which sufficed for the poet's moderate wants; and it was the King himself who pleaded his cause with the brothers of the lady he sought in marriage. According to the old biographer, there was a curious scruple on their part. They will not like to allow him to pay his addresses to a lady who was by no means young or well-favoured; but Professor Theophilo Braga points out that the story has its foundation in Miranda's words when he begged her to take his stick and beat him for coming so late, by which he meant a playful apology for his own forty years and grey hairs. However it may be, the marriage proved a happy one and Miranda the most devoted of husbands. He settled down with his wife on the farm of Tapada, near Ponte de Lima, in the north-west corner of Portugal, and there for upwards of twenty years he led a simple, tranquil life, tilling his fields, hunting wolves in the neighbouring Gerex mountains, writing poetry, polishing his verses or making copies of them for his friends and admirers; for, like more than one of the poets of the Peninsula, he had an objection to print. Sorrows, however, came in quick succession to sadden his last years. His eldest son was killed in a skirmish with the Moors at Couta; the young Prince John, the hope of the kingdom, who was one of his worshippers, and to whom he seems to have been strongly attached, died the next year. In the following year, 1555, he lost his wife, and little more than a year afterwards the friend of his youth, King John III. Life seems to have been over with him from the day his wife was taken from him. The old biographer of 1614 says that, save to hear Mass, he never quitted the house after her death, or trimmed his beard or nails, or answered a letter. He wrote one sonnet, the beautiful one beginning "Aquele espirito, ja tam bem pagado," which may compare with the better-known "Alma minha gentil, que te partiste," of Camoens; and after this, in the three years that he survived her, he wrote no more.

The poetry he left behind him consists of eclogues, epistles, sonnets, an elegy on the death of the young Prince, a couple of religious "canções," and a number of short pieces, "esparças," "cantigas," and "villancetes," all in the old national, or, more correctly speaking, Castilian, measures, and all probably written before his Italian travels. A large proportion, not far short of one half, of his poetry is in Spanish, for, staunch patriot as he was, his own Portuguese, with its recurring nasal sounds, did not satisfy his ear so well as the clear-ringing Castilian. Of his sonnets more than one half are Spanish, and of his nine eclogues only three are in Portuguese. His sonnets, besides being far fewer, are undoubtedly inferior to those of Camoens; but to say so is only saying that he is not among the four or five greatest masters of the sonnet. Three or four of them, nevertheless, have been given to Camoens; one, for instance, "Quien dará á los mis ojos una fuente," although it had been at least three times printed as Miranda's, was coolly annexed by Faria e Sousa, who seems to have edited Camoens with a determination to "break the record" of all previous editors, no matter how he swelled his list of additions. In the eclogues he used the Italian octaves freely, and in one on the death of Garcilao de la Vega—with whom, by the way, he claimed kinship—he employed the terza rima. In construction as well as in versification they are far more elaborate productions than the simple eclogues of Bernardim Ribeiro that preceded them, and they differ in another respect from them, and from all Renaissance pastoral poetry. In the pastoral ecstasies of the poets there is about as much sincerity as there is in the conviviality of stage revellers jocularly quaffing the ruby nothing out of goblets of gilt pasteboard; but if Miranda's shepherds and shepherdesses are not a whit more real than others, there is reality and feeling for nature in the scenery by which they are surrounded.

But far more than by his sonnets or eclogues Miranda's place as a poet is determined by his "cartas"—his epistles in verse—addressed to friends on various occasions. That they are influenced by his love and study of Horace is manifest at the first glance. They are Horatian, and perhaps the most Horatian epistles ever written, but there is no servile imitation of Horace in them; they are one and all thoroughly original, and in them Miranda is seen at his best as a meditative poet, with a vein of satire that is not the less effective because it is gentle and unobtrusive. They are, indeed, sometimes described as his Satires, and an edition of them under that title was printed in 1626. They are, moreover, distinguished from the sonnets and eclogues by being all in Portuguese (except one to Montemayor in reply to a letter from him in Spanish), and most of them in the eight-syllable lines and redondillas of the old school. The first and best, to the King, has a certain resemblance to Horace's Epistle to Augustus, the opening of which it paraphrases. Bouterwek professes to see servile devotion to the throne in its language, but most readers will be impressed rather by its manly independence and outspoken frankness, all the more remarkable in a letter to a king of John III.'s temper. Its tone is that of a noble gentleman addressing his sovereign. Miranda writes to the King as an old friend and loyal subject who believes it to be his duty in either character to speak his mind plainly, and who has no fear of being misunderstood. It was written between 1530 and 1536, a grave time for Portugal, when the King was lending a not unwilling ear to counsellors of the clerical party, urging him on to absolutism and the establishment of the Inquisition. Its language is as a matter of course guarded, but it is a spirited and earnest appeal to the King not to depart from the ways of his ancestors, who ruled patriarchally and thought for themselves, without suffering their judgment to be swayed by flatterers, wolves in sheep's cloth-

ing, self-seeking advisers, who "poison the fountain at which all the country drinks." "You," he says, "are the one king in Europe who needs no guards about him, for you are surrounded by love (*rodeado de amor*); be a king who rules by love." It is a noble letter, full of wisdom and patriotism, impassioned eloquence, and poetical feeling; and it makes one think better of John III. that, though he neglected its counsels, his respect and esteem for the writer remained unchanged to the last. The other letters are in a lighter and more satirical strain, but in the same spirit. In one he attacks the insolence of the courtiers of the day, who affected to sneer at the good old simple ways of his birthplace, Coimbra. Another is a lament over the effects of the wealth that poured into the country from India. In his eyes the rounding of the Cape, glorified by Camoens, was an unmixed evil for the country. The lust of money-getting had demoralized the sturdy old Portugal he loved. A new class had sprung up who thought of nothing but trade, and whose sole ambition was to grow rich rapidly. There was a general softening of the national fibre. To retain the places in Africa won by their fathers entailed too much exertion and fighting, and it was agreed that they were not worth keeping. India, as Miranda said, was doing for Portugal what Capua did for Hannibal. "I am not afraid of Castile," he exclaims; "it is Lisbon that I am afraid of—Lisbon, and the scent of the cinnamon that is depopulating us." For all that he could not but have had his fears. The Castile of Charles V., with Granada annexed and Aragon united, was a very different thing from the Castile that John I. had mastered; and the Portuguese of John III. were not the Portuguese of Aljubarrota. The advanced thinkers of the day laughed at Miranda's forebodings. The country, in their opinion, never was so prosperous or powerful; its commerce was advancing by leaps and bounds; it had progressed—was progressing. "Just so," said Miranda; "wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour."

Scattered through the *cartas* there are frequent touches of an irony that reminds one of Heine—like this, for example:—

Dizem que á luz  
Co tempo a verdade sai—  
Entretanto poem na cruz  
O justo, e o ladrão se vai.

They always tell us that the truth  
Made clear at last is sure to be—  
Meanwhile upon the cross they hang  
The good man, and the thief goes free.

But in Miranda's irony there is no echo of Heine's cynical chuckle over the shortcomings of society. It has more of sadness than of bitterness in it.

Enough has been said to show that Miranda, on his own account as well as in virtue of his position in Portuguese literature, is a poet fully entitled to all the care an editor can bestow upon him. He cannot be said to have been entirely neglected, seeing that this is the eighth edition of his poems; but of the others only the first and second deserve consideration. The first (Lisbon, 1595) was printed with some care from his own MS. The second (Lisbon, 1614) was from his MS. too, but from a more authoritative one—in fact, his own working copy, from which he made transcripts for his friends, and in which he inserted his corrections and alterations from time to time, so thickly in some places, the editor tells us, as to make it well-nigh illegible. The present edition is based upon a contemporary MS. picked up for five francs in Paris by the distinguished Spanish scholar, M. Ferdinand Denis. It is not in Miranda's handwriting, but it is apparently a faithful copy of three distinct batches of his poems sent by him on different occasions to the Infante João at the Prince's special request. It is unquestionably an authority of great weight, but it is a question whether Senhora Vasconcellos would not have done better had she simply used it as an authority and taken as her basis the second edition. We must say we think that where they differ the readings of the 1614 edition are in most cases distinctly preferable. It is not, however, a matter of much moment, seeing that she gives in footnotes the very minutest variations of text in the first and second editions and in one or two MSS. of importance. There can be no difference of opinion as to the way in which she has executed an exceedingly difficult and laborious task. There is not a page, many as there are, that does not bear testimony to the thoroughness of her work and her conscientious discharge of the duties of a scholarly editor. Her industry and research have brought to light a great many hitherto unknown pieces—a full score of sonnets, for example; and her prolegomena and notes are a mine of information for all who take an interest in the literary history of the Portuguese or the Romance languages in general. There is, for instance, a disquisition on the relations of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese versification, which is in itself an exhaustive treatise on the subject. Her edition of Sá de Miranda is not exactly one of those books "that no gentleman's library should be without"; but it is emphatically a book that no student of Spanish and Portuguese literature can afford to dispense with. To Portuguese literature it is unquestionably the most important contribution that has been made for many a year. One poet has so long monopolized the attention of critics and commentators that, in spite of works of such sterling merit as the edition of Gil Vicente, by Barreto Feio and Monteiro, and Kausler's reproduction of Resende's *Cancioneiro*, there is still an impression abroad that Portuguese poetry begins and ends with Camoens, or rather with the *Lusiad*. But in Sá de Miranda

Portugal has a poet that the richest literature in the world might well be proud of, and in making this plain Senhora Vasconcellos has done good service. We sincerely trust, however, that she does not mean to hold her hand here. Not less welcome would be an edition such as she could produce of Miranda's friend and contemporary, Bernardim Ribeiro, who has been perhaps more scurvily treated by printers, priests, and Jesuits than any poet of the Peninsula.

#### EARLY ITALIAN PRINTS.\*

##### II.

A BELIEF in the sudden and unexpected discovery of the art of printing from engraved wood or metal was at one time as much a part of the creed of the iconophilist as was the lesson inculcated in our boyish days that type-printing was the outcome of an equally unforeseen awakening. To this day, in school-books as in our calendars, a definite date, 1449, is assigned to the "invention of printing." There is an apparent reasonableness in the statement. Gutenberg's first printed book, *Biblia Sacra Latina*, known as the Mazarine Bible because the first printed copy identified was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin at Paris, was printed 1450-5 (twelve copies only are known, seven are on vellum, five are on paper). It was the earliest recorded use on an extended scale of printing with movable type; but already, nearly twenty years before, Gutenberg had been engaged in perfecting his system; and even while this renowned printer was employed upon his Bible, the city of Bruges, 1454, witnessed the establishment of the "Guild of St. John the Evangelist," among whose members appear "Prenters"—i.e. printers from either blocks or types—and "Prenter-vercoopers," print-sellers, each following a recognized industry, or they would hardly have been included. The movable type itself was preceded by the block, on which single letters or combinations of letters had been engraved, as is seen in the legend in the woodcut of St. Christopher, dated 1423, or in the yet earlier Virgin and Saints, in the Print-room at Brussels, dated 1418; and though the earlier of these dates has been questioned, in our opinion on insufficient grounds, it is certain that letters and numerals were engraved in reverse on blocks of wood or metal, producing impressions, of course, in the right direction, fully half a century or more before printing was "invented." It is at least allowable to assume that that which can be proved in regard to printing may equally be assumed in regard to the so closely allied art; that is, that the process of taking impressions from incised metal or wooden blocks upon some flexible material, leather, linen, or paper, was practised, no matter how rudely and tentatively, from a very much earlier period in Italy as well as in Germany than we are accustomed to imagine. And this leads us to the somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion to which, in our former paper, we have referred—namely, that with the exception of the prints we have described, the "nielli" of 1452, the "Planets" of 1464, and the "Otto Prints," circa 1475-80, the whole record of Italian print-engraving for nearly thirty years after the Pax of Finiguerra is a blank; and that, with the exceptions we have named, there is no direct evidence either during or before those years of the production of engravings, nor, so far as is known, has a single example of engraving during that period been preserved. The question is an interesting one, and it may not be improbable that it is the disappearance of the results and not the neglect of the art itself which calls for explanation.

There are certain prints referred to by Mr. Fisher in chap. vi. of his Introduction about which much has been already said and written, and which may possibly assist in the solution of our difficulty; they are the series known as "tarot cards" or "tarocchi." Mr. Colvin, now Keeper of the Prints in the National Collection, writing in the *Portfolio*, 1877, remarks that "no other series of prints in existence has been the subject of so much discussion, partly because of their great artistic charm, partly from the singularity of their subjects, and partly from the uncertainty of their origin and attribution." A perfect series of these prints would be fifty in number, their size about 7½ inches by 4; they are delicately printed on thinnish paper, and are unmistakably Florentine in character. The whole series, numbered consecutively from 1 to 50, are divided into five sets of ten each, while the prints of each set are distinguished by a Roman letter, E. D. C. B. A. A full account of these tarots will be found in Dr. Willshire's learned Catalogue of Playing Cards in the British Museum, to which we must refer the reader. The original prints, for the plates rapidly wearing down were more than once reworked, were in all probability executed by Baccio Baldini, from the designs, amongst others, of Sandro Botticelli, whose hand may undoubtedly be recognized in the finest of the series; we can hardly assign to them an earlier date than 1470-5, and should probably be more nearly correct if we placed them five to ten years later. What may have been their primary intention or purport it is not very easy to determine. By some it has been supposed that they were, in the strictest sense of the term, "playing-cards"; a later theory is that they were educational, illustrating certain philosophic doctrines and precepts of morality; M. Galichon made the ingenious suggestion that they had an

\* Introduction to a Catalogue of the Early Italian Prints in the British Museum. By Richard Fisher. London: Printed by Order of the Trustees.



astrological meaning, and represented "the Encyclopædic system of Dante"; a generally accepted conclusion is that they were used for purposes of divination or fortune-telling, when, even where there is no special similarity of design, their relationship to the superior or "coate-cards" of the earliest known playing-cards would be apparent. To cards of a more recent date they are unquestionably allied; for instance, as Dr. Willshire has pointed out, the earliest known "coate-cards" of Besançon, Marseilles, and Geneva, in themselves representing a still older Venetian series, when combined show that of twenty-six figures no fewer than fifteen have been borrowed, even in minute details, from these early Italian engravings. But, whether intended for games of chance, for instruction or divination, it is evident that these prints were not created and so carefully indexed without some very distinctive purpose; while the fact that the worn plates were reworked and the designs copied by other hands proves that they possessed some secret of popularity which the appearance of other and more recent engravings did not affect. Perhaps fortunate discovery will one day confirm the suggestion that the religiously preserved "tarocchi" or "cartes di Baldini" were not an isolated set, but had their proper place in a long series, themselves but reproductions, though in a more artistic form, of cards, if we may call them so, which in continuous sequence had come down from the time when Italy first learned from the mysterious East her fascinating games of chance; and that from that date printed cards as well as hand-painted, and perchance stencilled, were in frequent use, but that, like more recent children's books, their very popularity proved fatal to their preservation! We know that playing-cards of European manufacture existed at least a century before the appearance of the "cartes di Baldini," and that they were produced in other parts of Europe as well as in Italy, not sparingly, but in considerable profusion, as when in 1452 (the date of the *Finiguerra Pax*), influenced by the preaching of Cardinal John Capistran, the Nurnburghers in their new-found penitence publicly committed to the flames, among other "vanities," numerous "shovel-boards and forty thousand dice and a great heap of packs of cards." It may, therefore, be that when the Florentine Goldsmith drew off an impression of his celebrated *Pax* he entered upon no new discovery, but availed himself of a well-known process, preserving the result, as had been done before, as a copy, though in reverse, of the beautiful work he had completed, or as a pattern to guide his further work. He only did not engrave for the purpose of producing impressions, because he saw no present advantage in publication; while he might be conscious of very considerable advantage in keeping his patterns to himself. Meanwhile rudely designed and printed tarocchi, or whatever the "idle apprentices" or still idler men of leisure called them, were in common use; and when, in the growing love for artistic work which led upwards to the Renaissance, Lippi, Botticelli, Pollajuolo, and others, recognizing the excellences of which engraving was capable, prepared designs for execution upon metal, creating impressions which at once entered the cabinets of the wealthy, to be handed down to posterity as among the choicest treasures of the city of their production, the printed playing-cards, which served only to while away the passing hour, were neglected and forgotten, until they have so entirely disappeared that only inferentially can we plead for their existence.

Only second in importance to these "cartes di Baldini" are two sets known as the "Prophets" and the "Sibyls," series respectively of twenty-four and twelve, the former attributed to Botticelli, both as to their design and their execution, the latter perhaps only designed by him. But by the time these interesting prints appeared the capabilities of engraving had become fully recognized, and the art had begun to assume its natural position in the illustration of printed books. To three of these we may refer; they are the earliest, and the entire series of illustrations were very successfully reproduced in facsimile about two years ago (folio; Quaritch, 1884). The first precious volume is a sm. fol. by Antonio Bellini, a treatise, or rather three treatises, on what ought to be the highest aim and perfect end of the faithful Christian. With each treatise is an illustration—the "Mount of Christ," the "Glory of Paradise," and the "Punishment of Hell." Like all early prints, their purpose is descriptive rather than artistic; but even in their imperfection we are conscious of their charm. They are the creation of a master, Botticelli, who not only designed but probably himself engraved them. The second volume contains, in its completed state, nineteen illustrations to the *Inferno* of the *Divina Commedia*. The designs are again by Botticelli, but the execution is that of Baldini. The subjects are, for the most part, so repulsive that the prints give us but little pleasure. The third volume, *The Triumphs of Petrarch*, a very pearl among books, is enriched by six full-page plates representing the Triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. Bartsch (vol. xiii. p. 277) attributed these plates to Nicoletto di Modena. Mr. G. W. Reid, late Keeper of the Prints, regards them as designed, if not executed, by Fra Filippo Lippi, an opinion in which Mr. Fisher concurs. Engraved on soft metal—silver or unhammered copper—the plates would bear very few impressions, perhaps not half a dozen, before they required to be reworked. Early impressions before the rework are therefore excessively rare; and those which we describe, acquired from the Sunderland collection in 1882, in the first state and in perfect condition, are among the finest, if not the very finest, impressions which have been preserved. Such books as these would give reputation to the richest library; happily for us all that, having now "taken the veil" in our National Collection, their wanderings have ended, and they cannot again be dispersed.

It will give some imperfect idea of the extent of the collections of Italian engravings in the charge of the Keeper of the Prints if we add that Mr. Fisher's Introductory essay to the Catalogue extends to no fewer than 460 pages, and that in our two papers we have made no mention of the works of Mantegna, Squarcione, Nicoletto, Campagnola, Leonardo, Francia, and Marc Antonio, &c.—names not so much of highest eminence as names which make the early history of Italian art. Enough if we have drawn attention to this portion of the magnificent collection which is enshrined in the Print Room, under the care of those who seem to have found their chief happiness in assisting the student to acquaint himself with its treasures.

#### AN INTRODUCTION TO GREEK SCULPTURE.\*

IT would at first seem a hopeless task to attempt to give even an outline of the history of Greek sculpture within the limits of a little book of about a hundred and thirty pages; but Mr. Upcott, by skilful selection of the most important and typical examples, and by careful chronological arrangement, has succeeded in producing a very excellent epitome of the subject, in a far more readable form than might have been expected in so highly condensed a piece of writing. He has shown great judgment in his choice of examples—almost nothing of primary importance has been omitted, and there is not one superfluous sentence in the whole book. Each section is preceded by a short sketch of the characteristics of the period, very clearly and ably stated; and the chief existing pieces of sculptures are classified both according to their school and their chronological position. Only one example of sculpture of the highest importance is passed over without mention—namely, the very beautiful *metopes* from one of the later temples of Selinus, of which the chief subjects are Zeus and Hera on Mount Olympus, Herakles and the Amazon Queen, and Artemis surprised by Actæon. These are not only remarkable for their very great beauty of form and simple nobility of expression, but are of much importance as showing that at the time of Pheidias Sicily possessed a quite original school of sculpture, little, if any, inferior to that at Athens. No Greek sculpture of any period combines sculpturesque breadth of treatment with strong dramatic vigour to a higher degree than do these Selinus *metopes*, now the chief glory of the Museum at Palermo. The majestic grace of Hera in the love-scene and the vigorous activity of Herakles in his conquest of the Amazon have never been surpassed. A noticeable point in the latter relief is that the hero not only seizes the Amazon by the arm, but also actually holds her foot with his with a semi-prehensile grasp, which is, as a rule, possessed only by persons of genius and by races who go barefoot. This power of grasping with the foot still survives among the sailors and fishermen of Magna Græcia and Sicily, who may often be seen resting their arms by rowing with the leg, holding the oar firmly grasped in their toes. Moreover, in another respect these *metopes* are of unique importance, as they exemplify the ancient custom of using more than one material in the same piece of sculpture, as in the "acro-lithic" statues of Pheidias and others. In these reliefs all is of yellow limestone, except the nude parts of the female figures—the face, hands, and feet—which are of white marble, let into the stone of the main part of the relief so skilfully that the inlaid marble is still firmly fixed in its place.

This omission might well be filled up in a future edition, and also one or two corrections might be made in this otherwise very accurate book—namely, that the *triglyph* of the Doric entablature has two, not three, grooves (p. 20), it being the flat surfaces that are triple. Also that the Massimo replica of Myron's *Discobolus* is of marble, not bronze (p. 57). One may also note that this celebrated statue—one of the finest in Rome—is now, not in the Palazzo Massimo, but in the Palazzo Lancellotti, where it is seldom shown to any but the personal friends of its present owner. An interesting suggestion has been made that the *Discobolus* of Myron has more meaning than Pliny knew of when he described it, and that it really represents Perseus about to throw the fated quoit with which he accidentally killed his grandfather Acrisius. At p. 73 it would be well to mention the Capitoline Venus, a very beautiful Greek copy from one of Praxiteles's statues, which is, on the whole, the finest statue of Aphrodite existing in Italy, and a marvel of perfect preservation, owing to its having been found carefully walled up in a niche in an ancient house in the Subura of Rome. This magnificent statue is certainly a closer copy of its Greek original than is the case either with the Vatican Venus or the Venus de' Medici at Florence.

Mr. Upcott treats in a separate chapter of those great monuments of Greek art, such as the Venus de Milo and the Herakles torso of the Belvedere, which cannot certainly be attributed to any fixed date or school. His account of the Milæan Venus is concise and accurate. With regard to the motive of the statue, a further suggestion might have been added as a possible one, if space had allowed—that is, that the figure of Aphrodite was part of a group including Ares, whom she embraced with one arm. Several Roman copies of a group with this motive exist; among them is a poorly-executed group in the Capitoline Museum, in which the two statues have portrait heads of Sabina and her husband, the Emperor Hadrian. The figure of the Sabina-Venus closely resembles in pose the Venus de Milo, and the whole group is certainly taken from some fine Greek original of Aphrodite and Ares.

\* *An Introduction to Greek Sculpture.* By L. E. Upcott, M.A.

Mr. Upcott, with much insight and clearness, points out the instructive and striking differences in style between the Victory of Paeonios from Olympia (fifth century B.C.) and the magnificent colossal figure of the Samothracian Victory of c. 300 B.C., which now stands at the top of one of the main staircases in the Louvre. "In the older statue," he says, "the natural figure stands out prominently, outlined in clearly-defined contour against an accessory background of curving lines of floating drapery. All the drapery on that figure is carved somewhat flatly, so as to interfere as little as possible with the human forms. In the Samothracian Victory the drapery is not composed as accessory, but as a principal element in the effect"; and this important difference in treatment Mr. Upcott goes on to exemplify by a vivid description of the details of the latter statue. With regard to the objects once held by the Victory of Samothrace, as the author points out, evidence is given by certain holes for attachment in the statue, assisted by representations of the same subject on the reverse of a contemporary coin. An interesting variation of this figure of victory exists in a terra-cotta statuette bought by M. de Branteghem at the Castellani sale in 1884. The main figure, in pose and arrangement of the drapery, is very like the marble Colossus, but the left hand instead of a trumpet holds some roses, and in the right hand is a wreath. This beautiful *figurine* came from Asia Minor, where have been recently discovered many terra-cottas of exceptional interest from the way in which they illustrate important plastic works, the originals of which are now lost. The figure of the Diadumenos of Polycleitus, reproduced with variations in the proportions, evidently dating from the age of Praxiteles, is one of the most remarkable of these statuettes, which differ greatly in character from those found in the tombs of Greece proper (now in possession of M. Blacas; illustrated in the *Hellenic Journal*, vi. 243). The terra-cotta workers of Tanagra and other parts of Western Greece seem to have mainly produced original works, of almost a *genre* type, while in the Greek provinces of Asia Minor it appears to have been not unusual for the sculptor of terra-cotta figures to copy some well-known work on a large scale in bronze or marble. Mr. Upcott attributes to the reign of Hadrian the statues of Centaurs, carved in *bigio morato*, a hard, black marble, now in the Capitoline Museum; statues of especial interest from their being signed as the work of the sculptors Aristaeas and Papias of Aphrodisias. Fresh light has recently been thrown on the school of sculpture of Aphrodisias, in Caria, by the discovery in Rome of some inscribed bases with the names of other sculptors from the same city, of various dates down to the end of the third century A.D. In addition to Papias and Aristaeas, we have the name of Xeno of Aphrodisias on an existing piece of sculpture—a male seated figure, now in the Palazzo Ludovisi; the name of Xeno and his city are cut on a fold of the drapery.

Mr. Upcott's little book has additional value given to it by frequent reference to the literature of the subject—a very important point for the student, and one which will make the book useful to others besides beginners in the study of Greek art. On the whole, it may be said that Mr. Upcott has accomplished a very difficult feat with remarkable success; he not only says the right thing, but says it pleasantly, clearly, and yet in the fewest possible words—a very rare combination of merits, and one which raises the value of this little handbook far above that of many large and pretentious works on the same subject. With the help of casts, or even of photographs, this *Introduction to Greek Sculpture* will be admirably adapted for a text-book in those schools which realize that Greek art is quite as much worthy to be an important item in the scholastic course as is the long-established study of Greek literature.

#### COMMON SENSE IN THE NURSERY.\*

OF all places where common sense is unfortunately most uncommon the nursery is one of the chief. Therefore, anything tending to render its presence there more frequent should be very welcome. Mrs. Harland's title is an attractive one, and if she redeems her promise and really helps to introduce "common sense in the nursery" she will deserve general thanks.

Writing, as she apparently does, for American mothers, many things she says will sound strangely at first in English ears; but perhaps, after all, the piquant semi-foreign idioms, and the allusions to habits like enough our own to make their differences doubly noticeable, will attract many whom the occasionally technical phraseology would otherwise scare. As a rule women have yet to learn that motherhood is a "profession" in these days, with a technical vocabulary of its own. But, however worthy of attention her advice generally is, it may be doubted how far Mrs. Harland's ideas of nursery management could be carried out in their entirety, especially if the mothers have more bairns than the precious infant our author expatiates on so lovingly, to say nothing of "social claims" so much considered in these latter days. American babies must be a decidedly frailer generation, judging by this account of them, than their English cousins, for whom the fatal "second summer" has few of the terrors here described; but for that the difference of climate may account, and our sturdy varlets would resent as coddling a good deal of what to Mrs. Harland seems only necessary care. Still her remarks on the restless energy of baby's mind and body deserve attention from all mothers; for, as any doctor of experience will readily agree, many

an inexplicable childish disease and youthful failure owes its origin far more than most parents suspect to the unchecked (sometimes even encouraged) sempiternal activity of baby days. Amusement, fun, and frolic are necessary and delightful parts of a modern baby's existence doubtless; but, unless counterbalanced by corresponding periods of thorough rest, the result will scarcely justify our neglect of our great-grandmothers' nursery rules for the management of the staid little mites who smile so primly down on us in every picture-gallery. There is an old country saying that a cold stable makes a sound horse. The equivalent of this in America can scarcely be held in as high honour as over here, at least in the nursery, where in most cases an atmosphere of 65° would be considered hot, and 75° little short of suffocation. But then by Mrs. Harland baby is distinctly called only "a half-hardy plant"; and well he may be so, we should say, considering the treatment she tells us he receives at the hands of some of her countrywomen, anxious mothers though they be. Their notions on the subject both of food and training seem peculiar, to say the least of it, and go far to explain the stories of precocious infants (rude persons have been known to call them *enfants terribles*, sometimes even "nuisances") which come to us at intervals from *outremer*, and to sober English mammas always suggest a deplorable absence of nursery rule and a development of the juvenile nervous system and digestive organs positively appalling to contemplate. Fancy the state of affairs when the giving of "iced water or ices to a young baby" (the italics are not Mrs. Harland's) requires to be deprecated as injudicious!

Mrs. Harland's remarks on "infant foods" are most praise-worthy, but suggest awful things as to the sufferings of the infants doomed to consume them in the place of the nourishment intended for their use by Nature. The description of a mess prepared by a fond mamma for her six-months-old treasure, that "looked like biscuit-paste, was grey streaked with yellow, and smelt like rancid butter, or, to speak more plainly, soap-grease," is decidedly the reverse of inviting without the further remark that, on tasting it, the author discovered the presence of "saleratus, or some cognate alkali," but "rancidity held the balance of power." Ugh! and then comes a glowing description of a farm in a rich grazing country, with the baby lodged in a first-floor room, "where the breath of the kine and the fragrance of the warm milk they gave night and morning in foaming pailfuls" must have added the pleasures of Tantalus to those of dyspepsia for the hapless infant who was being carefully fed on "soda cracker pounded fine and wet with cold water," and, needless to say, dying in consequence—of starvation. A more ghastly pendant to Leech's picture of the little hungry street Arabs snuffing the balmy gales from a cook-shop displaying in full perfection rounds of beef, bowls of turtle-soup, &c. &c., it would be hard to imagine.

While insisting firmly and repeatedly on the absolute superiority of the food of Nature's own providing, Mrs. Harland gives a long and varied list of artificial substitutes, and the baby must be hard to please who should not find some dish to suit alike his taste and his constitution in this large choice, whether as a substitute for or a supplement to the natural provision. Curiously enough, one of the best home-made infant's foods—baked flour—is not given; and why is porridge to be made of "the best Irish oatmeal, somewhat finely ground"? "Halesome parritch, Scotia's darling food," we all know, and many of us appreciate it. Is our ignorance of the supremacy of Irish oatmeal only another specimen of Ireland's wrongs and brutal Anglo-Saxon ignorance?

Taking it all round, *Common Sense in the Nursery* is a very useful piece of reading for a young wife just promoted to the rank of mother, who, besides much information concerning the treatment of "the blessed infant," may learn to appreciate the comforts of the nursing of the present day by contrast with the awesome "Gamp" who rendered our mothers' lives at certain times a nightmare, whose chastened and grim respectability as here described pales the very original "Sairey" herself. A tyranny so fearful, from whose baleful influence not even the master of the house escaped, must have rendered British independence a jest and Transatlantic freedom a byword, and the advent of even the "wholly perfunctory trained nurse" must have been hailed by the down-trodden matrons as a blessing only equalled by the "Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waterley Pen."

A chapter on "Talks with Mamma" deserves especial attention, treating as it does of the religious education of the little ones, and maintaining the opposite of the modern theory, expressed in a letter quoted at the beginning of the chapter, that we should teach children "to be kind, just, and loving to all, and then leave everything pertaining to creed, doctrine, and the future life to be decided by themselves later, as they attain ripper judgment," lest "volition be hampered with dogma, and the wings of thought bound by forms."

To the "Hint for Christmas" we must take exception. Our author can never have read her Hans Andersen when she announces, *à propos* of Christmas-trees, "If you can get holly, content yourself with nothing less"! Just fancy trying to take off the presents from a "stocky," and of course prickly, holly-bush! O tannenbaum! O tannenbaum! where *was* she? To be sure, she simplifies matters by declaring the tree, in its full glory of Christ-angel, banners, gilt nuts, sweets (carefully chosen and colourless, by the way), and presents, should be displayed to the admiring youngsters when refreshed by bath and breakfast in an unlighted condition! "Admit the sunlight freely . . . and the absence of candles will not be lamented." Will it not? Try the effect on a child used to the old system, and note the difference. Even

\* *Common Sense in the Nursery*. By Marion Harland, Author of "Eve's Daughters," "Common Sense in the Household," &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.



granting the presence of the sun (rather a wide stretch of fancy at Christmas-time, in England at all events), would that atone for the absence of the Christmas gloom and mystery which should always precede the sudden appearance of the glorious fairy-tree—a glowing mass of light through which the eyes, half blinded by the sudden change from the outside twilight, require both practice and time to distinguish the presents and goodies for which this blaze acts as a dazzling screen.

#### THE LIVES OF THE SHERIDANS.\*

LOOKING at the elaborate family tree which the Ulster King-at-Arms has prepared for Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes, it is hard not to admit the author's contention that the race of Sheridans contains many exceptional members. First, there is old Tom Sheridan of the "rotten cabin" at Quilca, the schoolmaster and anecdote-collector, the "punster, quibbler, fiddler, and wit" of Lord Cork, the learned, easy-going, improvident butt and protégé of Swift, who alternately caressed and ridiculed him, and upon whom he wrote the stinging epitaph, ending—

His darling wife of him bereft,  
Is only grieved—there's nothing left.

Then there is his son, Tom Sheridan, who wrote a *Life of Swift* (chiefly valued because it is generally mistaken for the work of his better-informed father), who was the friend of Mrs. Woffington and Garrick and Johnson ("Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull," said that uncompromising critic), whose lectures on elocution divided the favour of the town with Shakspeare and the musical glasses, who was stage-manager of Drury Lane, and, last but not least, the father of the author of *The School for Scandal*. Next swims into our ken that luminary himself, the Sheridan sun and centre; and after him yet another Tom Sheridan—the brilliant offspring of a brilliant sire, born on the same day as that sire's most famous comedy, but not destined to an equal success. All through his lifetime he seems to have been hampered by an utter inability to make use of remarkable talents. He has "great acuteness, excellent wit and humour, but not a particle of understanding," said Dr. Parr, and he seems to have consistently "lived up" to this detrimental definition of his character. But he furnishes some of the best anecdotes in the book, more than one of which show conclusively that he could give points to that champion of the quip direct—his parent. "Money I must have!" once said the younger to the elder. "Then take that pair of pistols," said the other, "and mount your horse. The night is dark, and Hounslow Heath is not far off." "I tried that," said his ready son, "and unluckily stopped your treasurer, Peake, who said that you had been beforehand with me, and robbed him of every shilling." The daughters of this Tom Sheridan were Mrs. Norton, of the *Lady of La Garaye* and *Old Sir Douglas*, Lady Dufferin, and the Duchess of Somerset—the whilom "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton Tournament of 1839; but who, if we may trust the evidence of a correspondence with a certain Lady Shuckburgh, here published, must also have been endowed with no small inheritance of the family spirit. Last in the roll comes the clever and shadow-loving novelist, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, to whom Mr. Fitzgerald devotes his closing pages. But, as might be anticipated, more than three-fourths of his two volumes are absorbed by Sheridan the Great, otherwise Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, the author of *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Duenna*, *The Critic*, and the Begum Speech.

Great, perhaps, is hardly the word to apply to that brilliant personality, and less than ever after the present sketch of him, in which the biographer is certainly no slavish admirer. When all is said and done, our attitude remains rather that of wonder than esteem. A continuous strand of shiftiness, of shameless time-serving, of selfish expediency, seems traceable through Sheridan's whole career, 'e'en from his boyish days," when as a lad at Harrow he got lesser lads to steal his stock of apples. Even his love affairs with his beautiful first wife, of whom as Miss Linley there is here a charming sketch after Gainsborough, are not without a certain unsatisfactory flavour which spoils the romance; while the instances in which he seems to have acted in open and careless disregard of his obligations and responsibilities are many. As a politician it is pretty evident that he owed his exceptional prominence more to his marvellous capacity for cram than the depth of his convictions or his loyalty to anything beyond his own interests. He had naturally many gifts which made him invaluable as a mere debater. His wit, carefully manufactured as much of it turns out to have been, his surprising readiness and power of repartee, conjoined, as these usually were, with an affected appearance of good-humour and a real presence of mind, made him an invaluable ally and a most formidable antagonist. But the fact remains that he left no lasting impress as a serious politician, and Mr. Croker's inconvenient inquiry what events in the history of the country posterity would connect with his name is practically a question which admits of no reply. Apart from his general insincerity, the true solution of the matter seems to lie in the fact that his party, or rather the party to whom he looked for advancement and reward, was really restricted to one "illustrious personage," who

occasionally condescended to use him as a mouthpiece and apologist.

Without earnestness and conviction the triumphs of oratory find easy oblivion; and Sheridan the politician may be neglected. But as long as England has a stage it is not likely that his name as a dramatist can be forgotten. *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* share with *She Stoops to Conquer* the credit of being the most enduringly popular of English comedies; and it is difficult to conceive that Mrs. Malaprop or Bob Acres will cease to delight, or Lady Teazle's famous screen-scene to electrify, the audience. Concerning these, and Sheridan's other pieces, Mr. Fitzgerald, as is his wont, supplies much pleasing detail, and continues to preserve the quality that can scarcely ever be denied to him—that of being eminently readable. Indeed, he has apparently devoted unusual pains to his present theme, ransacking and overturning a mass of material, most of which was either non-existent or inaccessible to Sheridan's earlier biographers. His volumes have some excellent portraits (one of them has already been referred to), and they include some facsimiles of the first playbills. Truly said Lamb of *The School for Scandal* (although not quite as Mr. Fitzgerald quotes him), "No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this manager's comedy." Mrs. Abington—charming Mrs. Abington—as Lady Teazle, ladylike Miss Pope as Mrs. Candour, "wasp" Parsons and "butterfly" Dodd for Crab and Backbite, King for Sir Peter, "Gentleman" Smith and hypocritical Jack Palmer for the two Surfaces—upon what a galaxy of irrevocable genius and gaiety must the curtain have gone up, when, on that memorable Thursday, the 8th May, 1777, "at Half after Six o'clock," was performed for the first time what was to prove the dramatic masterpiece of Richard Brinsley Sheridan!

#### SOME NEW SONGS.

THE most remarkable feature in the majority of the songs now published is the tendency to imitate each other and to run in the same groove. The collection of songs now before us is, however, a little above the average.

"White Lilies," by L. Denza (E. Ascherberg & Co.), has a graceful and flowing melody, with tolerably poetical and intelligible words. "Play to Me" and "Poor Wounded Heart," by the same composer, are not up to the excellence of the first-named piece. The last, however, recalls several recent songs by Denza and Tosti, particularly in its syncopated accompaniment. Mr. W. Marshall's "Wee Wifie" and "A Love and a Life" (W. W. Hutchison) are written to please what is generally called "popular taste," and possibly with a certain public these two songs will give much satisfaction, as the words are spirited and the refrain sufficiently bright and tuneful.

A simple but highly sentimental ballad is "Not Yet," by Henry Pontet (W. Marshall & Co.) "Jack's Wife" and "When Shadows Fall," by Mr. Ed. St. Quentin, are songs which will probably suit young men, and will doubtless be heard before long in half the rectories and country-houses throughout the length and breadth of the land. The last-named is above the average, and its words will be appreciated by the piously sentimental. "Love's Proving," by F. N. Löhr (E. Ascherberg & Co.), is a very feeble imitation of the well-known and justly popular "Loving, yet Leaving," by Marzials. Although not displaying much of the spontaneous originality which usually distinguishes Signor Caracciolo's work, "Unless," "I always meet thee in my dreams," and "I do but dream" (Ricordi) are graceful and melodious ballads with delightfully flowing and charming accompaniments. Is it not time, by the way, that Signor Caracciolo's favourite bard left off addressing his heart? One can have enough of a good thing. Decidedly the words of these songs are becoming monotonously insipid.

"Story-land," by Signor Tito Mattei (Ricordi), is capitally adapted for school-teaching, being simple and elegant. It is one of the best works of its clever composer that has appeared in a long time.

#### HILL'S CANNING.\*

THE agreeable promiscuity of the series of *English Worthies* has hitherto not included the nineteenth century, and it was time that it should do so. There will be little dissidence as to the selection of Canning as a Worthy, and there should not be much as to the selection of Mr. Frank Hill as his biographer. There are some classes of persons whom the *intellectus sibi permisus* of the purely literary man may be trusted to deal with, and whom it can deal with successfully. But the politics of the mere man of letters who has not had some considerable training in political writing, and in that study of the political past and present which political writing necessitates in all but mere hacks, are apt to be wild and wondrous things, as fantastic as those of the fictitious Colonel Newcome and the real Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Hill's political knowledge is beyond dispute, and his political opinions, as far as they are known, are perhaps better suited to treatment of Canning than those of most men. A thoroughgoing and high-flying Tory is almost bound to look on Canning with distrust and

\* *The Lives of the Sheridans*. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

\* *English Worthies*. Edited by Andrew Lang. *Canning*. By Frank H. Hill. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

dislike, which may pass into definite unfairness. A newfangled Tory-Democrat is sure to overvalue him. A steady Whig can hardly forgive the spice of Puckishness which characterized Canning's political attitude and behaviour; and a Radical of the newer type—of the Cony beare and Hunter school—is likely either to overvalue Canning's struggling-nationality principles, or to be scandalized at his anti-Jacobinism, as the case may be. Mr. Hill, representing that form of Liberalism which is not prepared to call black white, or white black, or either both, at any single person's dictation, which has principles but not crotchets or fads, and which does not think it necessary to be stupid in order to be Liberal, may be said to be in the right attitude for dealing with Canning's very curious and hitherto by no means finally settled or estimated personality and position in politics. As a matter of fact, the only fault that we can imagine to be found with his book, putting aside the merest trifles, is that, well as he has treated this personality and this position, he has not condescended to the indolence, if any one chooses to call it so, of the general public by summing up either in the concentrated manner of peroration which some writers use. We own to a certain weakness for these summings up, though we are perfectly ready to admit that there is something to be said against them as well as for them.

The actual biography of the subject is excellently told, and Mr. Hill may be particularly commended for the way in which he has shown, without too much insisting on them, the effects of the various stages of Canning's curiously diversified life on his character and fortunes. He ought to have been born to fair fortune and position, as he actually was to gentle blood and to the real, though disinherited, headship of a not undistinguished family. Yet ill-luck, his father's weakness, and his mother's somewhat Bohemian tendencies forced him into a boyhood of shady, if not actually disreputable, associations which his enemies never forgot, and which, no doubt, left its mark on him. Yet he seems to have been a most affectionate son. Then suddenly he found himself changed first into a "preparatory pupil," and then into an Eton boy, with a fair allowance, with every opportunity of making friends with men of his own age likely to be useful to him, and with access to political and other society of the best kind at his uncle's house. Mr. Hill has given a very graphic and interesting picture of the curious influence of Dean Cyril Jackson at Christ Church, comparing it naturally to that of the present Master of Balliol. Naturally we say, but rather cruelly when it is remembered that Canning and Jenkinson were only the most distinguished of "Jackson's seedlings" (if we may use the nurseryman's term); while the principal political triumph of the later political forcing-house is—Mr. Albert. The biographer has wisely not endeavoured to solve the insoluble in regard to the real or supposed conversion of Canning either from Whiggism or from actual Jacobinism to the condition of a Pittite and an anti-Jacobin. Every one must agree with him in regarding with no small suspicion the wild legend which Scott records after Canning's death of a visit from Godwin to Canning, with offers of a kind of English Robespierreship, and of Canning's meditating on this plan, weighing its chances, and then posting off to Pitt and offering his services to the other side. It is quite true that Scott had known Canning intimately; that he was also intimate with Sir William Knighton (a depository of all manner of political and Court secrets), who, he says, was his authority; that he was still in the vigour of his intellect when he wrote this, and was the last man to be deluded by cock-and-bull stories. Still, the improbability of the thing (especially in the part attributed to Godwin) is very great. Perhaps George IV., Knighton's master, invented it; he is known to have had a turn for ingenious fiction. Mr. Hill gives some specimens of the early lampoons on Canning, though he does not take much notice of later or posthumous ones, such as the incredibly dull and vulgar stuff to which Landor stooped in the *Imaginary Conversations*. But he uses a most commendable frankness in setting forth the exceedingly unamiable and improper (if, indeed, no harsher terms must be used) habit of attacking and lampooning his own party and his own colleagues which marked the whole of Canning's political life. The rudest things of this kind attributed to a certain living ex-Minister may have been suggested by, but are dull and inefficient compared with, the *feu d'enfer* of insult and ridicule which Canning kept up for years against the inoffensive Addington and some other men who were at least as good Tories as himself.

There is, however, one point connected with this matter on which Mr. Hill is not quite explicit. It is indeed, we think, the only one on which in military language he rather "declines" the enemy. He approaches that enemy more than once, forms line against him, and even pours in a volley or two, but then he marches away again. Were these escapades of Canning's and the Cabinet dissensions which partly caused and partly resulted from them merely freaks of temper, ebullitions of a lively spirit doomed to work with dull fellows, or were they something worse? It is well known that many, perhaps most, critics of Canning's conduct take the latter view and endorse or intensify Scott's verdict on his conduct as a statesman. "He had one great fault; he lent himself too willingly to intrigue." Mr. Hill does not in the least disguise this opinion of contemporaries; he does not very directly traverse it; he admits, indeed, that sometimes Canning "advanced to his aim by indirect and secret paths," and "believed too much in the arts of management." Yet he emphatically pronounces him "honest." Can a man be honest who has a way of advancing by indirect and secret paths, and is wont to believe too much in

management? We do not say that he cannot. But such conduct is at least oftener found in company with an honesty that does a little smack, that does something grow to, than with complete uprightness.

However this may be, it is certain that even in the most dubious acts of Canning's life—the business with Castlereagh, the strange proceedings immediately before his obtaining the premiership and others—it is almost impossible to pronounce him with certainty a trickster in the most offensive sense. Mr. Hill has been well advised in emphasizing the fact that Canning had inherited to the full from his great master and early patron, and from that patron's father, the profound and passionate patriotism which, after all, is the *unum necessarium* of a statesman. His very worst enemy can never say, what has been said with truth of statesmen both of his time and since, that he did, if not what he knew to be damaging to his country, what he ought to have known to be so, in order to gain place or power, to supplant an enemy, or to accomplish a favourite political end. The most imaginative person cannot imagine the Genius of England at a day of political judgment acting the accuser against Canning, as she might be represented acting that part against Fox and Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, his most dubious acts (putting Catholic Emancipation aside as one of the cases in which "the fools were right," and in which no harm need have followed but for subsequent blunders) may be plausibly contended to have been dictated rather by a passionate desire to get his country out of the hands which he deemed incapable and into those which he deemed capable, than by self-seeking, strictly so called. Mr. Hill could have had no opportunity of seeing before his book was published Mr. Fyffe's recent treatment of the different attitudes of Canning and Castlereagh in foreign policy; but it is decidedly interesting to contrast that treatment with his own. Mr. Fyffe (curiously enough, at first sight) is more favourable to Castlereagh and more severe on Canning; but this is probably due to the fact that he either has not allowed for, or recognizing it, undervalues, that devotion of Canning's to England first of all which Mr. Hill has so well, and almost for the first time, brought out. We may also note, in passing, a very shrewd hit of Mr. Hill's at the modern notion of the "European Concert," which he describes as open to the very same objection as Canning's objection to the Holy Alliance.

Altogether the book may be very well spoken of. It stands for the moment alone as a brief estimate of a recent statesman. When Mr. John Morley's long-promised, but also long-delayed, series—expressly devoted to statesmen—appears, it may be hoped that the writers will be able to display the same impartiality, the same grasp of all the aspects of their subjects' lives, that Mr. Hill has here shown. The mere historian, the mere picturesque biographer, much more the mere philosophical crotcheteer or man of letters, can hardly ever write a satisfactory book of the kind, for the simple reason indicated at the beginning of this article, as well as for others. It was lucky that so good a subject as Canning was left untouched by Mr. Morley's plan. Few other statesmen, it is true, afford their biographers the means (which Mr. Hill has used with discreet freedom) of lightening political discussion by excerpts from the immortal lampoons, in which Canning has hardly a rival earlier, though within the last few years one of no small pretensions has arisen. But in all the prominent statesmen of England there is some lesson which can be enforced or missed, according as the biographer happens to be competent or not. Mr. Hill has not missed his.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN HANDBOOK.\*

THE Australian Handbook of Messrs. Gordon & Gotch is among handbooks what Australia is among islands. In its portentous size, its wealth of contents, and, we may add, its rude and undigested heap of matter, it is no inapt type of that great Southern group of colonies which form so striking a portion of England's heritage on the globe. To find one's way through this mass of overgrown guide is itself a feat of exploration—the advertisements, the figured tables, the alphabetical lists of merchants and shippers, which shed so much commercial value on this plethoric volume, representing the waterless tracts and the stony wastes which impede the path of the Australian pioneer. Yet, as in the case of the island-continent itself, the fertile region appears to grow larger after every discovery. The deserts grow less formidable as they are examined. The country is greener and better watered on a closer research. Bulky as the volume is, with its thousand pages and more, nearly all in very small print, the wonder is that so vast an amount of information should be packed into so small a space. The term Handbook is too meagre and too modest for so rich and fruitful a compilation. For this is a directory, a gazetteer, a calendar, an atlas, an epitome of history, a commercial address-book, a statistical abstract, as well as an almanac adapted to Australian tastes and requirements, and a business guide to the chief cities of the Southern world. About one-fourth of the book is devoted to advertisements, which are scattered about distractingly among the pages devoted to geography and history. With this sole drawback—inevitable, perhaps, in a volume which has commerce for its chief end—the Australian Handbook is really a marvel for its wealth and excel-

\* The Australian Handbook for 1887. London, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane: Gordon & Gotch. 1887.



lence of matter. Besides all the ordinary information contained in British almanacs, and avoiding those trivial fond records with which they are wont to fill their diaries, the Australian calendar-maker tells us of events of real interest, such as of when Mr. George Augustus Sala first landed in Melbourne, when the great nugget was found at Moliagul, when Beach beat Hanlon for the sculling championship. Among the novel features of this Handbook of value both to Australian and to English readers are tables of all the great Shipping Companies' operations, with the names and tonnage of the vessels, the dates of their sailing and arrival, with a map of each mail route to Australia and New Zealand, including the North German Lloyds and the Messageries lines. For the benefit of English readers, moreover, there is a chapter on Emigration, giving the fullest information as to the terms on which emigrants are received by the various colonies, the local regulations as to emigrant ships, the rates of passage-money, and the names and addresses of all the officials connected with the department in London, besides details of the ruling wages in each trade and handicraft, the cost of living, rent, the price of provisions, &c., in each colony. Then there are the land- and the mining-regulations of the various colonies, brought down to the latest dates, with brief abstracts of all the local laws relating to the sale and lease of lands and to mineral leases, and the conditions of alienation and settlement—precisely the kind of information of most practical value to the people of Great Britain in any book relating to Australia.

The bulk of this Handbook is composed of a vast mass of historical and geographical information, apparently gathered from original sources and brought down to the latest dates. The colonies dealt with are not only those of Australia proper and New Zealand, but Fiji, New Guinea, and our recent acquisitions in Polynesia. The year of the Victorian Jubilee is also very nearly the centenary of the first British settlement in Australia; for, although the coast of New South Wales was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, it was not until January 1788 that the first fleet—the *Mayflowers* of the new Southern world—arrived at Botany Bay with convicts, under the command of Captain Arthur Phillip. The growth of the Australian colonies from that unostentatious beginning is a phenomenon at which we have hardly wondered enough, as an evidence of the Imperial genius of our race. Often as the story has been told, and familiar as we are now with its leading incidents, perhaps even with the palpable witness of the late Colonial Exhibition fresh in our minds, we are yet not sufficiently impressed with the greatness and value of these new and lusty scions of England, now "mewing their mighty youth." Unlike the Continental imitations, these colonies have not been made—they have grown, with very little help from home, and rather in spite than because of some of the circumstances of their early planting. Contrary to what is the vulgar belief, the transportation of convicts to Australia, though it was the first motive of colonization, so far from aiding has certainly contributed to retard and hamper the development of the colonies. It was only when the penal character was finally put off by the energetic action of the colonists themselves, and in opposition to the counsels and commands of British Ministers—of whom Mr. Gladstone, the writer of the famous despatch to Sir Charles Fitzroy urging the renewal of transportation to New South Wales, has the credit of being the last and the most obstinate—that Australia began to prosper and grow in health, strength, and riches. Since then the progress of the colonies, though subject to periods of depression, as all quickly-growing communities are liable to, has been nothing less than marvellous. The population, though small in proportion to the area, and not growing so quickly as it should, owing to impediments which some of the democratic Governments have placed to immigration, may now be reckoned at four millions. These four millions are so rich and well placed that it is natural perhaps that they should grudge their poorer brethren at home a share in their good fortune. They have a public revenue of 22,000,000*l.*, with a debt which now amounts to the respectable sum of 126,350,000*l.*, in spite of which their credit is so good that the interest on the worst of their securities is to-day something less than 5 per cent. They produce for exportation jointly goods to the value of 54,500,000*l.* a year. They import goods valued at ten millions more, three-fourths of which may be taken to represent the product of British industry. Some idea of the value of the Australian trade (the most valuable in proportion to the population of any trade now done by any nation with Great Britain) may be gathered from the items under the head of shipping. The total tonnage outwards and inwards of all the Australian ports is now over 13,000,000 tons in the year. The shipping of the port of Sydney alone is estimated to be double that of London at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. On the natural wealth of Australia, having lately had so striking and visible a presentation of it at South Kensington, we need not dwell. There appear to be no limits to the production of all the great colonial staples, except such as are imposed by physical obstacles and the scantiness of the population. Even gold, which has shown a steady falling off in late years, has declined less because it is more difficult to find it than because there are fewer people engaged in the search. The population is too well employed in other pursuits to risk their time and labour in gold-digging. That there still exists undiscovered, though in process of time to be laid open, a vast auriferous tract in Australia is a theory to which the recent discoveries in Western Australia and in South Australia, in Colonies where hitherto gold had not been found, give confirma-

tion. The one thing wanted is people—more people, always people; with a healthier distribution of the life forces throughout the country, instead of the present congestion at two or three centres. In their social and moral institutions the Australian colonies are at least on a level with the mother-country, and in some respects, by virtue of their new condition and their singular natural advantages, superior. The system of State education is theoretically as perfect as in Prussia or the United States. In Victoria over 93 per cent. of the children are school attendants; and of the illiterate adults, as well as of the criminals, by far the larger share are of British manufacture. Except a certain proclivity, easily to be accounted for by their environments, to bushranging, the native-born people are sober, chaste, and moral. "What! go to England, ma'am!" exclaimed a native girl when asked to accompany her master and mistress home; "why, that is where the convicts came from!"

As to the future of these great and prosperous communities, the forecast should not be difficult. That they are destined to grow into wealthy and powerful nations, to be factors more or less directly in the wealth and power of England, none can doubt. One of the most interesting chapters in this Australian Handbook is that which, for the first time, briefly summarizes the results of the various journeys which have been made into the interior of the continent, brought down to July 1886. The general character of these reports is highly favourable, and they serve to contradict the old and long-standing impression that the Australian interior is a desert unfit for human occupation. Our knowledge of the inland country is still imperfect, and there is a large area, chiefly in the western half of the continent, untrudged by the foot of any white man. In Western Australia, the largest and most thinly populated of all British Colonies, it is computed that there are some half a million of square miles practically unknown. South Australia has in the Northern Territory, which by an absurd apportionment has been allotted to her, about a quarter of a million of square miles unexplored. Queensland has still some large tracts in the extreme north and west, the capabilities of which are untested. It may be said, however, that every explorer since the date of Sturt—who ran his head by an extraordinary piece of ill-luck against the worst bit of rocky desert on the continent—has come back, when he has come back at all, with the same tale; namely, that the extent of fertile and habitable country, fit for grazing at least, if not for tillage, is very much larger than had been suspected. Two of the most recent journeys into the interior have been those of Mr. Stockdale in 1884 and Mr. Lindsay in 1885-6. The former traversed the northern portion of Western Australia, and speaks in the most glowing terms of the Kimberley district and the country about Cambridge Gulf, which is a harbour "almost perfect," while there are "six magnificent rivers" between it and the Prince Leopold range. Mr. Lindsay left Adelaide in 1885 to trace the course of the Finke River, and to ascertain whether its overflow reached Lake Eyre. He found "many waterholes, a well-grassed country, and tin and silver," reporting that his party had been "travelling through splendid country." Indeed, it is now certain that, contrary to the popular belief, the interior of Australia is capable of sustaining a very large population. The want of water, which is supposed to be the chief obstacle to settlement, is not so great as has been alleged. The fault is one which settlement itself abates, and nothing is more true in the history of Australia than that as man advances the desert recedes. Settlement makes fertility, by a better use and economy of the forces of nature. The total rainfall over all Australia is estimated to be on the average equal to that over the British Islands. The water has only to be stored to make the rivers run, which now chiefly lose themselves in the thirsty soil before reaching the sea. Much has been done already by damming, draining, and the sinking of wells, to increase and economize the water supply, with the most beneficial results on the climate and on the vegetation. In a generation or two more the whole face of the country will be changed, as the measures now in process of adoption by the Governments of the various colonies for irrigation and afforestation are completed, and there is every reason to hope that the area of land available for population in the future will increase as the population of Australia itself increases.

#### THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.\*

THE previous instalments of *The Greville Memoirs* have already taken their place among the most valuable contributions to the history of the last two generations. Mr. Greville's social opportunities happily coincided with the ability and the disposition to recount the political transactions and events of his time. The Third Part of the Memoirs includes few confidential communications such as those which add much to the interest of the earlier volumes; but there is some compensation for the change in the improvement by practice of a literary style which had from the first been clear and fluent. Mr. Greville's elaborate characters and obituary notices of statesmen whom he had known are always eloquent, and they are apparently just. The form of composition may, perhaps, have been borrowed from Clarendon

\* *The Greville Memoirs*. Third Part. *A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1852 to 1860*. By Charles C. F. Greville. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

or St-Simon; and the copy was not unworthy of the originals. His judgments of living politicians are the more instructive because they vary almost from day to day. As in the former parts of the Memoirs, Mr. Greville dislikes and depreciates Palmerston; nor is his judgment less severe when, through his own ability and in consequence of the vagaries of Lord John Russell, Palmerston had become the leader of the Liberal party and the most popular of Prime Ministers. At the beginning of his Administration "he inspires neither respect nor confidence, and is totally unable to manage the House of Commons." A year and a-half later "everybody seems surprised with Palmerston and his Administration. I, myself, who for so many years regarded him politically with the greatest aversion and distrust, have come to think him the best Minister whom we can have, and to wish him well." That Mr. Greville afterwards reverted to his former judgment is not surprising. His comments on Lord John Russell, though they frequently contradict one another, only seem inconsistent because they are provoked by perpetual exhibitions of strange caprice. Lord Clarendon, who in the period to which the present Memoirs relate was Mr. Greville's principal informant, appears to have spoken of his colleagues and of his leader with commendable candour. In one instance, at least, he criticized a considerable personage to his face. Lord John Russell, on the formation of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, told Lord Clarendon "that he meant to give his best support to the Government." Clarendon said, "You do? Well, at what do you think I value your support?" "What?" "Not one sixpence." It is interesting to learn that in those days statesmen were capable on occasion of using vernacular language. For many years Lord Clarendon was generally hostile to Lord Palmerston; but the Crimean War brought them together, and on Lord Aberdeen's resignation Lord Clarendon urged the Queen to send for Lord Palmerston, and to treat him with unbounded confidence.

An old and confidential intimacy with the Duke of Bedford gave Mr. Greville facilities for judging of Lord John Russell's character and intentions. His account of Lord John's conduct as a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government agrees with the revelations which were published by Lord Russell himself in the decline of his vigour. It is clear that from the moment when he joined Lord Aberdeen he hoped to take his place; and that he was severely disappointed by Lord Aberdeen's refusal to retire in his favour. One of the results of his dissatisfaction was his desertion of his colleagues during the crisis of the Crimean War, and the consequent overthrow of the Government. He never recovered the confidence of the party which he had betrayed; and in the later part of Lord Palmerston's first Administration Lord John Russell had, according to Mr. Greville, scarcely three followers in the House of Commons. His attempt to recover power and popularity by the agitation for Parliamentary Reform was distasteful to all the best portion of the party. It would seem that his only genuine supporter was Sir James Graham; and when Lord John Russell first revived the question Graham had regarded the movement with profound alarm. Lord Palmerston once or twice consented to the introduction of a Reform Bill; but in 1854 he resigned on the professed ground of his aversion to Lord John Russell's measure, and there is no doubt that his objection was sincere, although Lord Aberdeen believed that his real reason was his dissent from the policy of the Cabinet on the impending war with Russia. In 1857 Lord Palmerston's Government pledged itself to introduce a Reform Bill in the next Session; but at the beginning of the Session the Government resigned in consequence of its defeat on Mr. Milner Gibson's vote of censure. A few weeks earlier Sir George Lewis told Mr. Greville that the difficulties of framing the Reform Bill were great, and that it was a great misfortune that the Government had in the previous year defeated Mr. Locke King's Bill for extending the borough franchise to the counties, instead of modifying it by raising the qualification from 10*l.* to 20*l.* He added that the Cabinet had unanimously resolved on accepting the motion with the amendment; but, when Lewis went down to the House, he found that Palmerston had announced at a dinner-party the day before his intention of refusing leave to bring in the Bill. "This, Lewis told me, he regarded as a fatal error, to which they owed the dilemma in which they found themselves placed. But what struck me most was the mode of doing business of such importance, and that there should not be found a single individual to protest against it, and to resign his office rather than to submit to be so dragged through the mire." Sir George Lewis was of opinion that, if the Government had carried out its intention, the question might have been set at rest for ten years longer. The desired result was, in fact, attained in consequence of successive changes of Government and of the steady discouragement which Lord Palmerston, in his second Administration, offered to all schemes for tampering with the Constitution. It was not till 1867 that household suffrage was established in boroughs; and eight additional years of respite were secured before the county constituencies were reduced to their present level. Lord Palmerston rendered a valuable service to the country by delaying for several years a change which may perhaps have been ultimately inevitable; but it was during his tenure of office that Mr. Gladstone, in the absence of the Prime Minister, propounded the doctrine that flesh and blood were sufficient qualifications for the franchise. It was remarked that from that time Lord Palmerston was always represented in his absence by Sir George Grey. Lord Russell became, after his removal to the Upper House, a loyal colleague of his ancient rival. On the other hand,

Mr. Gladstone regarded his chief with consistent animosity. As one of his colleagues said at the time, "Palmerston has a drawerful of Gladstone's resignations." There was no chance that any of them would be accepted, for Lord Palmerston was determined that he would never again encounter the formidable hostility which had annoyed him from 1856 to 1858, and finally driven him from office. It was thought remarkable that Mr. Gladstone was at that time almost more violent in his attacks on Sir George Lewis than even in his endeavours to annoy Lord Palmerston. Their characters and intellects were in truth opposite and antipathetic. The unhesitating faith with which Mr. Gladstone embraced every opinion which suited his purpose was irreconcilable with the philosophic reluctance of Sir G. Lewis to accept even the most plausible paradox. Mr. Greville, writing at the time of the China debate, says that "Gladstone seems to have been so inflamed by spite and ill humour that all prudence and discretion forsook him. He appears ready to say or do anything and to act with everybody if he can only contribute to upset the Government, though it is not easy to discover the cause of his bitterness, or what scheme of future conduct he has devised for himself." It was a few months afterwards that, in coalition with Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone forced Lord Palmerston to resign. It happened that, for the first and only time in his life, Lord Palmerston had alienated the good will of the House of Commons by his supercilious bearing, and he had recently given general offence by an injudicious Cabinet appointment.

Mr. Greville was strongly and consistently opposed to the policy of the Crimean War. He frequently mentions his agreement with Mr. Bright's opinions, as they were expressed in many vigorous letters and eloquent speeches. His testimony to the approximate unanimity of national opinion is the more valuable because it was wholly unsympathetic. Those who are acquainted with the history of the war will find little novelty in this part of the Memoirs. Even the personal convictions of the different Ministers were already well known. There is no doubt that Lord Aberdeen's undisguised anxiety for peace encouraged the aggressions of the Emperor Nicholas. Whether Lord Palmerston, if he had been at the Treasury or the Foreign Office, would have prevented the rupture is a question which can never be decided. In the early part of the struggle Lord Clarendon inclined to the opinion of Lord Aberdeen; but after the beginning of the war he was cordially allied to Lord Palmerston. Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Newcastle were perhaps the only other members of the Cabinet who heartily shared the general feeling of indignation against Russia. Lord John Russell was more really concerned about his own personal position than with the secondary issues of peace and war. Mr. Gladstone, who was followed by Mr. Sidney Herbert, did his utmost as Chancellor of the Exchequer to throw difficulties in the way of an energetic prosecution of the war. After his retirement from office, he became a furious opponent of Lord Palmerston's Government, and he actually affected to denounce the prosecution of the struggle as a new and gratuitous quarrel. The principal events of the war and the impression which it produced at home are recorded in Mr. Greville's Diary. The delicate business of ascertaining the French Emperor's feelings and intentions is described on the authority of frequent conversations with Lord Clarendon and with Lord Cowley, then Ambassador at Paris. It has not been generally known that Lord Cowley strongly blamed Lord Clarendon's disposition to make concessions during his negotiations at Paris at the conclusion of the war. The English nation would undoubtedly have agreed with the more exacting diplomatist. Prosecution of the war, even single-handed, would have been more popular than a peace which immediately followed the unfortunate failure at the Redan. Lord Clarendon himself thought that it might have been possible to dispense with French assistance, if the English army had been in Asia Minor instead of in the Crimea. The reiterated assertions of Mr. Bright, and of other opponents of a warlike policy, have produced an impression that the Crimean War was a costly mistake. It would be idle to enter on this occasion into a discussion of the merits of the contest; but the resolute tenacity of the country in the midst of disaster and uncertainty deserves just recognition. Future experience will show whether the establishment of democratic supremacy will be consistent with the survival of patriotism. The tradition of English greatness is in danger of being interrupted by the accession to supreme power of a class which have no historical associations.

Mr. Greville's sagacity and long experience, though they inspired him with a reasonable confidence in his own judgment, must also have taught him the uncertainty of even the most probable of political prophecies. He was well aware that his journals when they were published would contain many apparent inconsistencies and contradictions. He has not unfrequently to record the collapse of reputations which afterwards revived, and the final failure, as he thought, of candidates for power who had not yet attained the highest rank which they were destined to hold. The two principal personages of his present narrative, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, alternately baffled Mr. Greville's calculations. In the course of eight years—between 1852 and 1860—he again and again declares that one or both of the rivals have forfeited the confidence of his party, and lost influence in the House of Commons, yet a few months afterwards either leader has recovered his position, and definitively established his claim to supreme power. It was impossible to foresee that after the Queen sent for Lord Palmerston on the fall of Lord Derby's second Administration, the contest



between the two Whig chiefs would come to an end, and that during the remainder of their joint lives Lord John Russell would loyally acquiesce in holding the second place. The course of later history might have been reversed if Lord Derby could have satisfied the conditions which alone would have given victory to his party. From the time of his resignation in 1855 to his resumption of office in 1859, Mr. Gladstone was only restrained from joining the Conservative party by the rival claims of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Greville was either ignorant or incredulous of the purpose attributed to Lord Derby and Lord Ellenborough in publishing the offensive reprimand which was addressed to Lord Canning on the occasion of his Oude proclamation. There is much probability in his conjecture that the Ministers hoped to make room for Mr. Gladstone by creating a vacancy in the office of Governor-General, to be filled by Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Gladstone had already accepted from the Government the place of High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Republic; and the strange vagaries in which he then indulged were assured of impunity, because neither party could afford to provoke his hostility. In the division which restored Lord Palmerston to power, Mr. Gladstone voted with Lord Derby, and he would probably have gone with his Conservative allies into Opposition, if Sir George Lewis had not waived in his favour his pretensions to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the previous year Mr. Gladstone had canvassed his own county in "gallant little Wales" on behalf of a Conservative candidate.

Although Mr. Greville frequently states that in later years he had little opportunity of obtaining confidential information, his knowledge of men and of affairs and his intimate intercourse with society enabled him to compose an almost continuous narrative of political events. Any secrets which may have escaped his notice were probably not of primary importance. The portraits which he draws of the chief competitors for office and popularity furnish internal evidence of their accuracy. The prominence which is given to motives of personal ambition probably corresponds with the facts, and intrigues and jealousies are less mischievous and less criminal than the sacrifice of great national interests to the aggrandizement of revolutionary adventurers. In his lifetime Mr. Greville had the reputation of being a severe, and perhaps a cynical, critic of motive and conduct; but, if the imputation was just, he has guarded himself in the *Diary* against the temptation of forming censorious judgments. With a wholesome suspicion of popular clamour and of social prejudice, he frequently answers or extenuates charges which may have obtained general circulation. It is unnecessary to repeat opinions which were expressed when the earlier instalments of the *Diary* were published of the wisdom which Mr. Greville showed in his selection of an editor. Mr. Reeve possesses full knowledge of the domestic and foreign history of the time; but he has not encumbered his text with elaborate notes, though he has supplied in the most concise form necessary explanations. There are no means of judging whether he has found frequent excision advisable; for any gap which may have been caused by omission has been so skillfully smoothed away that the most careful reader will fail to detect it. In one instance Mr. Reeve has repeated a statement which appears to be erroneous, though it rests on the highest authority. In a notice of Lord Malmesbury's *Memoirs* in the *Saturday Review* reasons were given for doubting whether a Memorandum said to have been signed in 1844 by the Emperor Nicholas, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington, bore any reference to the Russian protectorate of the Holy Places. The document was, in fact, drawn up and signed by the Emperor alone, and it had nothing to do with the Holy Places. Lord Malmesbury writing long afterwards from memory seems to have confused the issues which were raised in 1853 with the overtures made by the Emperor Nicholas in 1844 for an understanding on the policy to be pursued on the anticipated disruption of Turkey. The greater part of the Emperor's memorandum is quoted by Mr. Kinglake in the first volume of his *History*.

#### VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATION.\*

ONE of the most interesting articles in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* for this month contains a scheme for the organization of the Volunteer force. This is a subject which we touched upon in a recent number. Captain Gall is well known as one of those who, since his retirement from the army, has interested himself especially in the progress of the Volunteer force, and has given to many officers very practical help in their endeavours to master such of their duties as lie beyond the ordinary sphere of regulation work. He has thus become thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of this branch of our service, so that his views upon a subject of this kind are especially valuable. There can be no doubt that, without a good scheme of organization, the Volunteers, however well drilled, and however perfect in other respects they may be, are a comparatively useless body. And Captain Gall has, in the scheme which he proposes, taken the only line which can be practically worked. His proposals involve the following chief points. For any efficient organization, it must be assumed that the Volunteers must be independent of the regular army, since, when they would be required, the regular army will be probably

elsewhere. He therefore advocates that the force should be divided into brigades, under its own officers, which should again be formed into divisions and army corps, under generals of the regular army. The advantages of this plan are very obvious, involving, as it does, the main element of rapid mobilization—decentralization. It also has the merit of fitting in with the new mobilization scheme proposed by the Secretary for War. He touches upon many other important questions connected with Volunteers in a very satisfactory way; but with respect to these we must refer our readers to the article itself. We are glad to see that such a valuable magazine as that in which this article has appeared has concerned itself seriously with the welfare of the Volunteers.

#### DR. CHARLES MACKAY.\*

DR. MACKAY'S new book is to be regarded, he tells us, as a supplement to his *Forty Years' Recollection of Life, Literature, and Politics*, which was published some time back, and in which he began to use up such autobiographical matter as he had got together. In *Through the Long Day* he breaks new ground, and goes over the old with fuller details of events than "would have been either judicious or profitable" eleven years ago. The style is curiously measured and formal, and the matter not always entertaining. But, on the other hand, the book is readable at its worst; and, as it includes a good many facts which can hardly fail to be of interest, and presents besides, albeit unconsciously, a study of character by no means unprofitable or devoid of "most excellent differences," it may be cordially recommended to the attention of the general reader.

Dr. Mackay starts his reminiscences in Newhaven, where his nurse, "a bonnie and buxom lass of Falkirk," used to sing him Scotch songs and tell him Scotch fairy-tales. His next stage was Woolwich, and his next the Great City itself, where he began, as soon as he had entered his 'teens, to distinguish himself in poetry and mathematics, and where at fourteen he published a poem in a little penny weekly called *The Casket*. At this time he was no lover of Shakspeare, as expressed in Dodd's *Beauties*; he was a votary of Campbell and Byron, of the Milton of *Lycidas* and *L'Allegro*, of Perry's *Reliques* and the immortal works of Kirke White; he spent a good deal of time in Poets' Corner and St. Paul's; he was taken twice a week to sit under Edward Irving, the "divine Squintifobus" of Tom Moore's cruel satire, whose doctrine he resented, and whose eloquence he forgot in trying to turn "the Song of Solomon and the Psalms of David into rhyme and rhythm." After two years' schooling in Brussels, where he learned French and German, he began, at sixteen or so, to do duty with the original Cockerill of Seraing as reader and private secretary, in whose service he met Charles Lever, visited Paris, wrote great quantities of verse, planned a *Political History of Hunger*, which never got beyond a first state of sketch, and did other things too numerous to mention. Of his stay in Paris, though the year was 1830, he has nothing whatever to say, except that he should have loved to give a dinner at the *Trois Frères* to Hugo, Béranger, and Casimir Delavigne—the alliance seems tolerably monstrous—who were "at that time the literary gods of my idolatry." After sojourning at Louvain and Aix-la-Chapelle, trying his hand at tutoring, and achieving more verses, he came to London (1832), where he knew Lumley and Henry Russell (who began to set his songs to music instantly), worked for some time on the *Sun*, and published a volume of verses, and at twenty was engaged as assistant sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, on whose staff were also Charles Dickens, John Payne Collier, Fraser—the "Laughing Tom" of Thackeray's ballad—the present Mr. Wm. Hazlitt, and Thackeray himself, who tried for the sub-editorship, and might have got it, had his lucky competitor not only come of Highland stock, but also been able to write political squibs at the proper moment. For the *Morning Chronicle* Mr. Mackay reported the Eglinton Tournament. In Edinburgh, about the same time, he met Burns's Thomson, Hugh Miller (who took him over Arthur's Seat), Robert Chambers (who took him round the city), Henry Glassford Bell, assisted at the symposia of the Egg and Toddy Club, and endured a twenty minutes' grace at the hands of Hugh Chalmers. He seems, however, to have no special liking for either town or townsmen, for he has put it on record that for the Scott Centenary in 1871 "Edinburgh did nothing but institute a beggarly banquet of plum-cake and inferior sherry," while it was ill-advised enough to get rid of 15,000*l.* in celebrating the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The remembrance of these facts makes Dr. Mackay very angry indeed; and when he is angry he is not afraid to speak his mind.

Of his connexion with the *Glasgow Argus*, which he edited from 1844 to 1847; the *Daily News*, for which he wrote, among other things, the famous ditty, "There's a Good Time Coming"; the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Times*, which last he represented in New York during the years of the Civil War, we have not space to speak. Of the cycle of "intellectual breakfasts" of which he partook at Samuel Rogers's we shall only say that at one or other of them he met Macaulay, Mrs. Norton, Lady Morgan, Talfourd, Bernal Osborne, Dyce, Milman, Barry Cornwall, Disraeli, Bulwer, Miss Cushman ("Meg Merrilies"), and Daniel

\* *Volunteer Organization*. By Captain H. R. Gall, late 5th Fusiliers.  
\* *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. March. 1887.

\* *Through the Long Day*. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. 2 vols. London: Allen. 1887.

O'Connell—to mention but these; and that, as reported by him, they all appear to have talked exactly alike. The list of his friends and acquaintances is too long to quote; but we may mention that it includes, in addition to those already specified, the names of Balfe, Munro (the sculptor), Patric Park, Peter Robertson, Abraham Lincoln, Lola Montes, Sumner, Pierre Dupont, Campbell, "Eve at the Fountain" Bailey, Angus Reach, Lord John Russell, Gruneisen, Duncan "The Druid," Harrison Ainsworth, Miller the novelist and basket-maker, John Timbs, the Maybews, Bayle Bernard, Lady Blessington, John Pardoe, Mark Lemon, the ingenious Harley, Braham, Gilbert A'Becket, Soyer, Francatelli, Charles Kemble, Ward Beecher, Franklin Peirce, Horace Greely, Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, and T. P. Cooke, "familiarily called 'Tippy' by the vulgar parrots of society." He has something to tell of most of them, and what he tells is often worth repeating. More in this place it is impossible to say.

Dr. Mackay, it remains to add, is sometimes a trifle arbitrary in his literary judgments. We read, for instance, that "Burns was a great poet," but "he was not a great writer of songs"; that Pierre Dupont's "Les Bœufs" and "Le Chant des Ouvriers" were "held to be worthy of Béranger himself," although they fall "far below the not very high standard" of the poet of "Le Vieux Caporal" and "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," and other lyrics not unknown to fame; and that Barry Cornwall was "the author of two or three poetical works of no particular merit, but especially of a volume of songs . . . which has long since passed into the limbo that is the ultimate destination of all mediocre books." Dispraise on such matters from the minstrel of "Cheer Boys, Cheer" is dispraise indeed! It is to be noted, too, that in his analysis of "Les Bœufs," of which he gives a really unfair idea, he omits all reference to the noblest couplet:—

Les voyez-vous, les belles bêtes,  
Creuser profond et tracer droit,  
Bravant la pluie et les tempêtes  
Qu'il fasse chaud, qu'il fasse froid?  
Lorsque je fais halte pour boire,  
Un brouillard sort de leurs naseaux,  
Et je vois sur leur corne noire  
Se poser les petits oiseaux.—

which, to us at least, is a perfect Troyon in words. It must be noted, too, that in philology, as in literature, Dr. Mackay has his own opinions, and the courage of them besides. With singular valour, he combats the popular superstition which connects the nickname "Bobby," as applied to a member of the force, with the late Sir Robert Peel, and traces back the word to *boban*, which "in the ancient language of our British ancestors" means neither more nor less than "a boy, a big boy." In the same spirit he traces the verb "to pill"—to blackball, to the Gaelic *pill*—to turn back, to reject; and is mighty hard on all dictionary-makers, from Johnson downwards.

We regret to note that Dr. Mackay writes of himself with a certain despondency, as one baffled and disappointed in his highest ambitions, and compelled to labour when he should be at rest. Of the results of his etymological research he speaks with special and peculiar pain. Neither in French nor English have they attracted the attention which he believes them to deserve; and he despairs of recognition anywhere save in Germany, where, as he says, "the importance of the study of Keltic is acknowledged by all scholars"; and there is "no Anglo-Saxon prejudice" to be combated and overcome ere the serious student can get himself accepted seriously.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

LITERATURE and adversity have been thought by some grumblers to have not a little in common; but perhaps their truest, though most paradoxical, bond of connexion is in the fact that they both make men acquainted with strange bedfellows. At first sight no two people might seem to have less in common than Melchior Grimm and M. Edmond Scherer (1). The deviser and first editor of the mysterious *Correspondance*—that Society-journal strictly limited to crowned heads—the untiring and successful schemer and flatterer of the great, the cunning exploiter of his friends, the arguer for "two justices," the *amant en titre* of Mme. d'Épinay, the complaisant man-of-all-work of Catherine II., might seem likely rather to shock than to please a person of austere virtue like M. Scherer. But, as a matter of fact, M. Scherer is extremely lenient to Grimm. He recounts with complete satisfaction the manoeuvres by which "Tyran le Blanc" (it is certainly humiliating to reflect that not a few people who knew this nickname never seem to have heard of the Valencian romance, and thought "Le Blanc" had something to do with quite another kind of "blanc d'Espagne"), edged M. de Francueil out of the illicit graces of Mme. d'Épinay, edged Duclos out, edged Rousseau out, and edged himself in, till it pleased him to plant Mme. d'Épinay there for others greater than she. He indulges in an indignant burst of denunciatory eloquence against Rousseau himself—a burst which might very advantageously have been replaced by a little more argument to prove that Rousseau's account of the matter is not the true one. He allows himself not a few oblique reflections on Diderot; but that, after his book on the *Philosophe*, was a matter of course. He is nearly sure (though he has to acknowledge such literary sins of Grimm's as his excessive admiration of Molière) that Grimm was a

great literary critic. He is sure, though there is absolutely no evidence on the subject, that Rousseau's account of Grimm's affected admiration for the beautiful Mademoiselle Fel is untrue in fact. He is even more of a Grimmite than M. Maurice Tournoux himself, on whose edition of the *Correspondance* his book is of course based, or than MM. Maugras and Perey in their whitewashing of Mme. d'Épinay. We can only account for this by supposing that Grimm's sober carping ways, his lack of enthusiasm (except in that regrettable incident about Molière), the business-like fashion in which he exploited Diderot and made a hare of Rousseau, somehow or other appeal to M. Scherer's sympathies. He is, we feel sure, a much better man than Grimm, and would not have descended either to the clumsy flattery of Frederick or the adroit flattery of Catherine (for ourselves we own to a reprehensible affection for the Czarina) which Grimm tried. But he likes the absence of paradox and insolent originality in the author of *Banise*, his strong serviceable everyday intellect and sense. At least, we can only suppose that he does, in order to account for his extraordinary leniency to Grimm's very unamiable character—a character which we, having read carefully what has lately been said in his defence, profess to consider quite as black as it seemed to Mr. Carlyle fifty years ago. Indeed, we cannot conceive any but an unfavourable impression of Grimm being produced by an impartial reading of the Diderot-Volland correspondence, when it is remembered that Diderot's loyalty to his friend and freedom from anything like *méchanceté* are admitted by his least favourable critics. But we can quite understand the interest which M. Scherer, like a lover of literature as he is, must have taken in the new edition of the correspondence, especially in the part newly discovered, between Grimm and Catherine. It certainly tends to increase that much more than sneaking kindness for the Semiramis of the North to which we have confessed, and, though it does not heighten our own opinion of Grimm's character, it certainly increases our estimate of his cleverness. Any man with a certain amount of the courtier's instinct might have struck out the mixture of outrageous flattery and subdued persiflage by which he seems to have engaged her liking. But to keep it up for many years without a false note, either of presumption or of too great self-abasement, shows a very unusual mastery of the courtier's art. It is but too likely (more's the pity) that few English readers have attacked, or will attack, M. Tournoux's formidable "dozen or sixteen" of volumes; and it is all the more fortunate that they should have the opportunity of tasting the cream of them skimmed by no awkward hand. We very often disagree with M. Scherer's literary judgments; but we certainly do not question his literary faculty.

Mme. Henry Gréville has, if we mistake not, recently made a visit to America, and *Frankley* (2) is the result thereof. Her pleasant, equable fashion of novel-writing (she is a French Mrs. Oliphant, protected from Mrs. Oliphant's occasional slovenliness by the stricter laws of French novel-writing) shows itself well enough here; and the opening scenes, in which the horrors of American savagery to baggage are depicted with great feeling, are capital. We hope M. de Tinséau, who has done some capital work, is not writing too fast. His present book (3) unites some agreeable sketches of the humours of the sub-prefecture in provincial towns after the 16th of May with the handling of ordinary novel motives, and it is very readable, and not unworthy of the author of *L'entourage de la marquise*. But we should like to see the writer of that charming tale do something better still.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*THE Official Year-book of the Church of England, 1887* (S. P. C. K.), contains some fresh reports and statistical information of great interest, and shows, by the importance and value of this additional matter, that it is well able to stand the chief test of progress. Without departing from the plan of previous issues, the present Year-book presents a fuller and more suggestive record of work than heretofore. The special reports on the growth of the Church in the diocese of Manchester and in the towns of Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Preston, Northampton, and Hastings during the years 1860-1884 reflect in the most instructive manner the energy of the Church in dealing with the needs of an ever-increasing population. The striking facts tabulated in these summaries are by no means local or exceptional evidences of vitality; the reports on Church Extension and Parochial Work show the most cheering proofs of activity in all dioceses of England and Wales. Nothing, perhaps, better exhibits the continuous growth of the Church's influence than a comparison of the voluntary contributions of its members during the year 1885 with the aggregate of the twenty-five years. During the quarter of a century a sum of eighty-one millions was contributed to the Church, and of this vast sum a trifle over five millions represents the contributions for the year 1885. This sum is compiled from returns that represent eighty per cent. only of the parishes of England and Wales, the remaining twenty per cent. being unaccounted for; nor does it include gifts paid direct to central societies, e.g. for missionary work, nor the contributions of churchmen to the building or maintenance of

(1) *Melchior Grimm*. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Frankley*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Montecourt*. Par Léon de Tinséau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.



schools, and which are considered to be fairly represented by the returns made to the Education Department. In every section of the Year-book the progress and activity of the Church are convincingly displayed. The condensed summaries of the main records of the volume are most effective and explicit statements, forming an invaluable digest of its contents so far as they illustrate the leading facts of the work of the Church. As a manual of information and an ecclesiastical directory the present Year-book leaves nothing to desire in method or fulness.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. have lost no time in issuing, with Mr. Browning's approval, a reprint of Mrs. Browning's Poems published in 1856, which includes some additional poems, the author's corrections for that edition, and other copyright matter not to be found in a similar and recent publication of Messrs. Routledge & Sons. The little book is tastefully bound, and beautifully printed on good paper from fine clear type.

Mr. Grant Allen's *The Beckoning Hand* (Chatto & Windus) is a volume of short stories collected from various magazines. The title-piece, which deals with Voodooism, is the only one in the collection that may fairly be said to be gruesome, and the reader who anticipates from the preface that the book will cause his hair to rise and his flesh to creep will be disappointed. Some of the stories are the lightest of sketches, others are ingeniously devised.

Mr. W. D. Gainsford says the thing that is true when he admits it is utterly indecipherable to write *A Winter's Cruise in the Mediterranean* (Swan Sonnenschein). The letters that make up this volume were clearly not designed for publication. The writer cruised along the coast of Africa, visiting Sicily and Italy, doing "the regular Riviera business," and everywhere is bored by the climate or distressed by the vulgarity of mankind. At Bona he is reminded of the saintly bishop of Hippo, whom he calls "old daddy Austin," and in the same facetious style he speaks of "old M. Angelo" at Rome as "a fine old chap," and of Horace as "the old boy." "St. Peter's is a Yankee idea altogether," and "I cannot admire Raphael," are samples of Mr. Gainsford's criticism. It is to be hoped that some of the "wretched foreigners" of whose "vulgarity" Mr. Gainsford is so painfully conscious will become acquainted with these candid impressions of a true Briton.

A fourth and enlarged edition has appeared of Mr. S. Stevens Hellyer's exhaustive treatise on House Drainage, Ventilation, and Plumbing—*The Plumber and Sanitary Houses* (B. T. Batsford). This thoroughly practical book embodies the experience and knowledge of many years' study and labour, is written in a clear, expressive style, and is admirably illustrated from designs by the author. Moved, perhaps, by the author's strictures on the ways of French builders and plumbers, the associated plumbers of Paris have already issued a translation of Mr. Hellyer's book.

Mrs. Kirby's *Years of Experience* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the autobiography of a chequered life spent in Canadian settlements, at Brook Farm, at Sing-Sing, and elsewhere in the United States during the early years of the Abolitionist movement. The author's recollections of the Brook Farm community will interest readers of the *Blithedale Romance*, while her experiences in Canada and in the Sing-Sing prison, where her passion for reform found an outlet, are somewhat curious. Her narrative is well written and, save for needless expressions of religious heterodoxy, is very readable.

A selection of Poems by Sydney Dobell (Walter Scott) is the latest addition to "The Century Poets." It includes a short biographical notice abridged from Dr. Nichol's memoir of the poet, some well-chosen extracts from *Balder* and *The Roman*, and the best of Dobell's lyrical work. Mr. Tirebuck contributes an introduction to *Longfellow's Prose Works* (Walter Scott), the new volume of the "Camelot Classics," in which he deals appropriately with the autobiographical value of *Hyperion* and *Kavanagh*.

It is impossible not to respect the sincerity and reverence that distinguish Mr. Rutter's *Gordon Songs and Sonnets* (Elliot Stock). These poems form a commentary on the historical events that followed from Gordon's departure for the East to the final catastrophe at Khartoum. In not a few instances they reflect with force and fidelity the pain and shame and suspense of that critical period, and out of the abundance of the heart the poet is manifested.

We have also received the *Newspaper Press Directory* (Mitchell & Co.); the *Royal Calendar for 1887* (W. H. Allen & Co.); the *Englishwoman's Year-book for 1887* (Hatchards); *Public Examination Scripture Manuals—The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark*, by Mr. Arthur Riches (Relfe); *Individual Rights and Responsibility*, by Mr. John Maynes (Alexander & Shephard); and *Annunziata; or, the Gipsy Child*, by L. S. Oliver (Dublin: Gill).

For those about to compete for Civil Service appointments, a useful manual may be found in Mr. Morris Catton's "*A.B.C. Guide to the English Civil Service*" (Swan Sonnenschein).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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**STATISTICAL SOCIETY.**—The FIFTH ORDINARY  
MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at the Royal  
School of Mines, Jernyn Street, London, S.W., when a Paper will be read on  
THE ANNUAL TAXES ON PROPERTY AND INCOME. By T. H. ELLIOTT, Esq.  
The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

**ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS for ENGLAND.**—  
The REGULATIONS respecting the DISTRIBUTION of GRANTS out of the  
Common Fund, to meet Benefactions in the Spring of 1888, have now been issued. Copies  
may be had on application to the SECRETARY, Ecclesiastical Commission, 19 Whitehall  
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**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—As the Celebration of the Queen's  
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EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION will commence on MONDAY, June 13.

In addition to the Examination at the University, Provincial Examinations will be held  
at University College, Aberystwith; University College, Bangor; Queen's College, Bir-  
mingham; University College, Bristol; University College, Cardiff; the Ladies' College,  
Cheltenham (for Ladies only); St. Gregory's College, Downside; New College, Eastbourne;  
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March 10, 1887.

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